

SM57



OL LANGS
9
TO YOU MISSUS
50P

The shiden know it was the day
MAY their lives in cars, Mashed

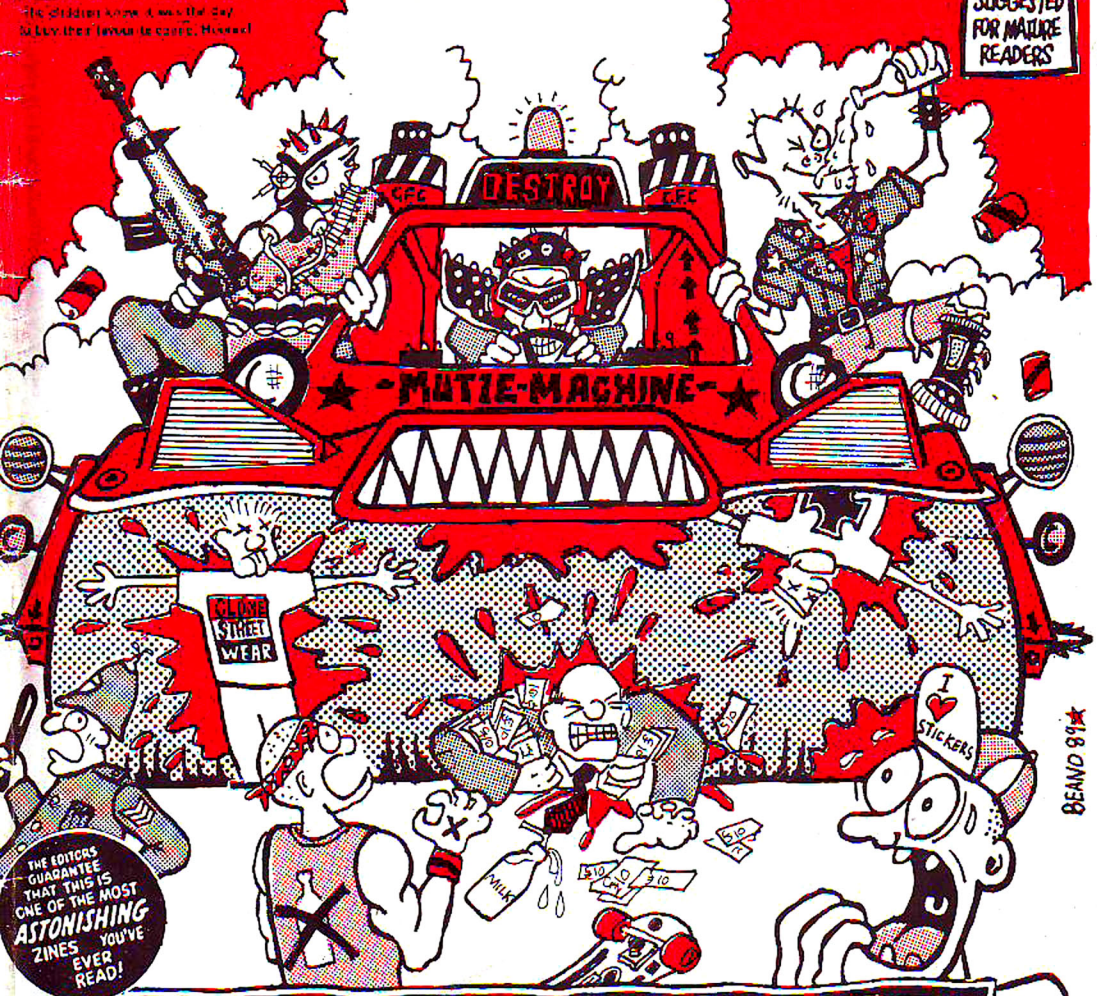
The SOD-STICK in Da PUDDING BOWL of ZINE-VILLE!!

SKATE MUTIES

FROM THE 5TH DIMENSION

THEY CAME FROM OUTER SPACE TO DESTROY HEROES!

SUGGESTED
FOR MAJORE
READERS



THE EDITORS
GUARANTEE
THAT THIS IS
ONE OF THE MOST
ASTONISHING
ZINES YOU'VE
EVER READ!

BEAND 89*

SKATE BRATS MUST DIE!!!

two arms, one eye, and a mouth that spat

THE MARK

OF

IT'S PORN!

WE ONLY SELL PORN,
PORN IS ALL WE WANT TO SELL.

FloG Muties for CASH!!

Yes VOTER! You too can hassle a total stranger at gigs when you empty a Tesco bag fulla "S.M.5.D" and fill it with readies! Simply consult the hideously complex table below, send ya pennies to us and we'll pop a throbber load of copies off to you. Gads! We even cough up the postage.
10 - 25 COPIES JUST 40p EACH MISSUS
OVER 25 COPIES A MERE 35p PER UNIT!
PAYMENT details? Get ye to the back page!!

PUKKA DUDES AND INVENTORS OF THE RUDES

CLIT-HOPPER HACKENBUSH
GUNGA DIN-DIN JO
SLAP HEAD VON CHAOS
FINCHLEY "CYSTITIS" FACE
COLBOLT STAR DOUBLE GLAZER
POKE "BOY" CARR
RICHIE HOLD ME NUTS
BEANO FAGS-OR-LONGUNS
BRUMMER MONG JOHN
ELVIS (IN FULL VEGAS KIT)

ADVERTISE OR DEMISE!

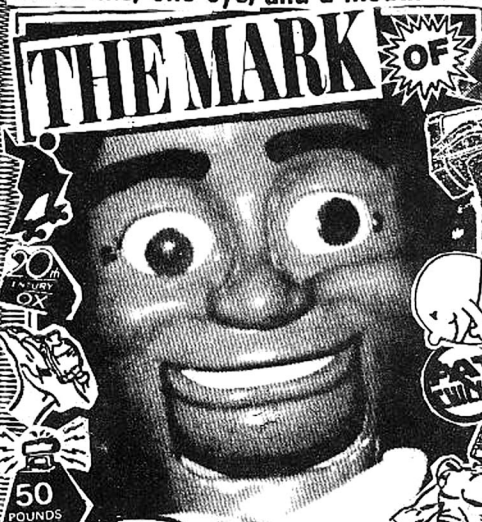
ACTHUNG! TO those who know which side their scone is buttered on. We're now taking bookings for AD space in "MUTIES GREATEST HITS". A print run of 13,000 is envisaged and MAN!! is the rates cheap! For big details on prices, deadlines and page sizes contact "MIKE" by phone or letter NOWSVILLE!!!

A BIG SOPPY "TA!" TO THOSE WHO'VE MADE US WHAT WE IS.

The stout ones at the DRAKE FELLOWSHIP!
All crumbly hippies of SELF HELP
Diamond Geezers at ECONOMIC PRINTING
Ruth and the amazing PRINT PROJECT
and all the numerous jolly old RELATIVES

WHAT I'LL DO TO GET A RISE

WARNING! BLATANT TEA LEAFING FROM THIS ZINE
COULD SERIOUSLY DAMAGE WHAT LITTLE CREATIVITY YOU HAVE. DON'T BE AN UNINSPIRED BUFFOON AND MAKE YA OWN WOOFLE UP.



MUTIE

STRONG AND ROBUST QUALITY

BIRTH! SCHOOL! SKATE! RIP THE KIDS OFF AND MAKE A FAT PILE OF CASH! DEATH?...Swindle ahoj!!! It's the end of the world as you know it and we feel FUCKING A! Yep, "S.M.5.D" the glamour puss of ALL fanzines, eventually knocks it on the BONCE with this issue and HAMMERS a well needed RUSTY NAIL into the bloated CORPSE of credible skateboarding. WHY?! It's all turned to SHITZEN you chowder heads, thats soddin well why!

Two year back - when Mutie first spurted onto the scene - skatin' was UNDERGROUND, VITAL and FRESH, practised only by the terminally stupid or the thick skulled FANATIC. Now it's dribbled and dived into full scale MEDIA DEBAUCHERY (with as much credibility as B.M.X'ers), it's time to scoot the bastard boot and SCUTTER the good ship MUTIE while she's still full'o' steam and barking mad!! Big MALARKY it surely was. In two years we PROVED that zines from the scuzzier sides of the tracks,

need not just be Ass licking photocopied DROSS and that when it comes down to it, YOU prefer a whacking good pistake to vomit inducing NICEY NICEY praise! Course not wishing to drop kick a gifted horse in the gob, this summer we return with a 64 PAGE monstrous bastard, MUTIES GREATEST HITS! So till then WAKE UP!! Sniff the COFFEE and believe no one except us... Gloatingly yours, THE MUTANT SQUADRON

6 DeAN LANE, Southville
BRISTOL BS3 1df

FOR FETISH INFO PHONE

*0272*638758

I SAID! I SAID! I SAID
I GOT NO BALLS!!!

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED HELL UNTIL

Gossip
GO-GO!
tested on animals

GUARANTEED
GENUINE
100% PURE
BULLSHIT

MOSHING

MACHINE

BLUE RUIN RUMOUR MONGERS!!

last shit STIRRING "cock-a-hoop" of Kosher seekers but no doubt PARTY TIME for the celeb LIBERTY TAKERS... Seeing as this is the final conflict, so to speak, we've juggled around with the layout to cram in enough SIN filled facts to turn ya curly locks to pencil lead! So plough on duffers and remember where 'twas read - Numero uno!!

X-RAY DELIGHT
SKATE PRO IN THE SLAM JAM!

DOGTOWN dweller and all round hoodlum JESSE- "UZI WEIGHS A TON". MARTINEZ is once again banged up in a Californian State Penitentiary! After taking part in a particularly grizzly "slice and dice" gang dispute, "Scarface" Martinez looks set not to grace any transitions for at least **NINE MONTHS!**... Unfortunate news for those with a grain of sense is that skate cash-in merchants **"THE STUPIDS"** look set to make a -oh-my-giddy-aunt-COME BACK with a **SLIMMED** down TOMMY "CREAM BUN" STUPID at the helm... No doubt brandishing a drum stick in one hand and a diet coke in the other... There are in fact only two registered STRAIGHT EDGERS in the U.K... Following in the fashion of **BILL**-mighty mouse"- DANFORTH and SEAN "bultry" COFF having TATTOOS of their deck graphics done on their bronzed bods, does this mean an **"ALL COPPERS ARE BASTARDS"** deck from NEIL-"I did it when I was pissed"- DANE??... Staying alcoholic.... Bleach boy NATAS KAUPAS, once bought two pints of lager,

will tell how he despises the BONES BRIGADE, THEN FONDLE ANY large chested DAMES handy and minutes later PASS OUT in a drunken heap... A game for all the family eh?... NAPALM "No tunes please, we're British"-DEATH, a snake-in-da-grass informs

THRASH HAIRIES IN SELLOUT EXPOSE!

us, were paid a walloping SIX times as much as any other sod at their shambolic- "It's gonna be filmed for SNUB TV so lets show up"-London Show... Meanwhile at the foot of Britcore Division One, "Right ON" comrades DOOM were heard to utter the HASTILY withdrawn retort "We does benefit gigs for thirty quid, a bag of crisps and

"A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR SUCH NATIONAL EXPOSURE!" SAYS OUR CHIEF ACCOUNTANT KEEP ON TU



BE BOP A LULU! PUT MY BABY IN A MELON PRESS!...SO FUCKIN A!

STOP PRESS!

MUTIES CALL FOR "RUSHDIE"

STYLE HATE VENDETTA!

Calls for the brutal-izing of top EXECS came recently from the "SKATE MUTIES" camp in a furious BLOOD FEUD over so called "BLASPHEMOUS" leisure wear articles on sale in top high street shop "CONCEPT MAN". The self style "MUTANTS" claim that the chain-store

has ripped off to fxxk the controversial trade mark "PEDESTRIANS MUST DIE" for use on their poor quality fashion t-shirts. "We urge Britain's youth to physically assault "CONCEPT MAN"'s employees repeatedly, blow your hooter in the offending rags and generally cause a right royal rumus".

announced a MUTIE rep. to passersbys following a HEAVY afternoon drinking session. When approached, a spokesman for the store under fire, was happy to comment, but in the interest of encouraging sickening physical violence we decided not to publish it.

SHOGGERS TUMBLE FROM THE SKY! BUT I JUST SLICE FOR PIE!

BIGGEST NEWS IN 185 YEARS...

a hand job off the promoter's missus"... One of EXTREME NOISE TERROR is a bloody tree SURGEON... The vocal abuser of CONCRETE SOX has the skeleton of an ex-career as a PORNO SHOP assistant rattling around with the LEATHER GEAR in his closet...

MAG MAGNETS IN SLUR RAP!

That mag who throws big bucks at us Muties for scribbling stick men, "SKATEBOARD" is in the big shit with those FUDDY DUDDIES at the PRESS "Heil Hitler" ASSOCIATION and now has to xxxx all fuckie and poohie type language. WHY!! It seems arch rivals "SKATE-slave labour-ACTION" have been letting their corpulent fingers do the walking to "INFORM" various magazine wholesalers that they are in fact "MR DISGUSTED OF BARNET" and that little Johnny had small pox or summum after reading "SKATEBOARD"... Brutal revenge is hopefully in the pipeline...

QUOTE OF THE MONTH!

"Maybe I should skate today, or like, should I stay in bed, smoke out, and watch Bruce Lee movies" 90% of the DOGTOWN team, who end up 6 outta 7 in their pits... Hard rockin PUNKSTERS the "INSTI-We're in Europe

BRIT BAND IN BRIBE PICKLE!

all the time cos everyone here thinks we's crap-GATORS" recently, to their cr

AND ITS LEND ME TEN POUNDS I'LL WALK ON UP YA BUM AND MOTHER WAKE ME EARLY IN THE MORNING!!

Toadoids from the planet Neptune.

PSSST! THEY DO SAY THE FATES ARE AS BIG AS ONIONS!!

I LOVE CREAMING ON A CUCUMBER

DA FILTH! DA FURY! DA DISCOUNT CAN O' BEANS!

PLEASE TO BE GOSSIPING ME UP OR SHOW US YA PECKER...

OLD RUDDLES BLADDER-NOGGIN

cost, overlooked the fact that a certain MUTIE had been SACKED by the N.M.E (too many "Macc Ladds are god!" reviews...) The deluded mortherners offered him an ALL EXPENSES PAID trip to Berlin in return for a "favourable" review in the said rag... God head IAN MCKAYE, closely guarded secret is that back in his pill-popping, beer-



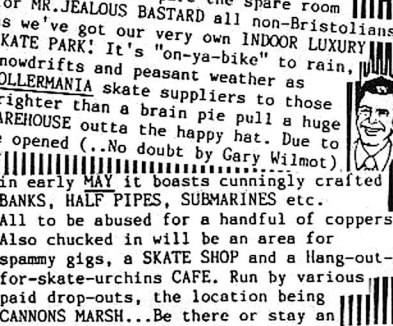
SPACE HOPPER IN FOOT

PUMP MERCY DASH DILEMMA!
boy days, the ghostly apparition of ELVIS PRESLEY appeared before him (in full Vegas kit!) warning him of the evils of sleaze ass living and to go tell the kids the error of their ways!....Madder than a march hare just don't come into it!... For some unknown reason TONY ALVA always smells of something akin to fresh haddock..



FAITH IN YOUR PRODUCT...DEPT. 1

sit on a fuckin' pitch fork than sit through them again" was SHANE from MANIC "beers all around, I'm loaded" EARS response after seeing for the first time the TOTALLY hopeless! but v.trendy INTENSE DECREE who he'd just signed for an undisclosed figure that very same day. DEPT 2 "VIRGIN are behind them all the way" said a vastly cynical chap-in-da-know on finding out that the said mega corp had churned out 3,000 CARDBOARD "baseball-caps-resembling-more-a-deflated-CHEFS-hat" as cheese promotional items for M.C rockers NAKED RAYGUN, their latest



MANS HAT BLOWS OFF IN SWINDON TRAGEDY!!

signing. The big pooh for those wanting a good gloat at the yanks expense, is that the scrotum biters at VIRGIN have gone and bloody incinerated the whole lot!.... DR AND THE CRIPPLINS bassist used to have gainful employment at HINKLEY POWER STATION which should piss their hapless skin beater off mainly cos he used to "beat off" for legendary grim heads DIS"two monstrous nuclear stockpiles"CHARGE....S.M.S.D stole their entire graphic chop up approach lock, stock and barrel from a two-bit-one-horse U.S zine called "SICK TEEN"...."TOSS



LONDON LADDIES IN "LEG

UP THE LADDER" LARK!

I OFF IN THE BOG" is the working title for those carrot munching has-beans CHAOS UK's new LP... Heavily plugged cockney Acid louts JESUS "not hype!" JONES have got it into their noggins that wearing "SKATE FOR THE BABY JESUS" badges plus scribing that heartfelt message onto their latest 12" piece of monotony, will add some much needed "UMMPH" to their shoddy image... nice try bimbos, but the kids still HATE you... DINOSAUR JNR are lesbians... Thumbs ALOFT! to ST HARRISON, the completely CUCKOO artist for splattering "SKATE MUTIES" around his 2,000 AD "toon strip "SCROTUM DOC"! Hero-of-the-masses award to "ce and watch ya backs for a HUGE-ON feature he's just completed with a MUTIE boy and STEVEN "Lardie cake" WELLS for the N.M.E... An inkling of a grotesque future may hap?... That's the limit for RAW BONEY mockery this run so till we're called to turn the stones and see the crabs of celeb deceit scuttling for cover a Freakin NO HAR FAREWELL!!



The organization that whacks two fingers up the nose of money grubbing FAT HEAD promoters. is in fine dungaree splitting form of late. Bristol based, the K.CLUB puts on a stonking array of no-nonsense GIGS, up tempo NIGHT CLUBS and raging PARTIES all at a stupidly low price with no "Baboos-thinly-disguised-as-door-staff" types. Totally lacking in Yuppie "cush-pile" values, all monies made go towards subsidized shows or well worthy causes. Pop along to any Club happen-ing for greater info, get hot, beery and bothered enough to shake your anus and get involved

Events-U-Like!

- MAY 4 FALSE PROPHETS (US) + JOYCE MC KINNEY EXPERIENCE - THE TROPIC CLUB Stokes CROFT - NINE TILL LATE
 - MAY 10 NAKED RAYGUN (US) "COWBOY KILLERS" THE CRYPT CLUB - CORONATION RD - 8-12 (ISH)
 - JUNE 1 NO MEANS NO (US) + TAKEN ENTRY + NO FOR AN ANSWER - THE THEKLA 7-LATE
 - MAY 29 SKATE THRASH FESTIVAL - LEADSA BANDS, STALLS, ALL FREE! - BEDMINSTER SKATE PARK
- All shows are 99% certain but do check before travelling bloody miles... Coming soon CRUCIAL YOUTH, GAUZE, PUNKS PICNIC! (22nd July)...Phone 0272 638758 for more details

Let's FUCK Brossettes

It's young, toffee-arsed scum like you what gives this

DUNKIN' DOUGH NUTS OF DA WORLD UNITE! COVER ME WIV YA GREASY FILLINGS + SQUIDGE ALL NIGHT

YOU BITCH!

STAR TREK VULCAN EARS

Harshly edited highlights of the runners up are... "Does the headband hide my lobotomy scar?" and "LOOK AT the smug expression on Hawks face, wonder what he's doing with his hands" from mildly amusing **MARTIN** of salty old **PLYMOUTH**... "We're five young sprogs, in vision togs, we ain't punk rockers, but we sure want space hoppers" by semi-literate **JAMIE** of busty **BRISTOL**... Both receive low quality t-shirts for their half assed efforts... And a special prize for the terminally useless goes to rock-fer-brains **RICHARD** of windy **YORKSHIRE** we'll spare you the details but stuff like "HELLO GIRLIES, show us your knickers, I wanna get down and lick those kippers!" certainly gets the wooden spoon of deep shame so we say!!

QUIZ!

WELL!

a bad name!

WELL! WELL! Aren't you a bunch of cunning linguists... We don't **BLOODY** think! Ish 8's comp. to "SPEECH BUBBLE UP THE CELEBS" got a steamroller of a response, the postie was shagged out for a week etc. But by the anal hairs of **Cliff Richard** were they **GOB SHITE**! Tut, tut, tres poor effort and you all should attend written japey classes **PRONTO**! Still we managed to salvage four winners from a swirling cesspit of mediocrity and the winner of the "BLOODY KIDS" and "VICAR PRINT" T-shirts is young **RUDIE** from **BELFAST** with a below brain dangerous answer.

I GOTTA MATINAL CARPENTRY!

PLEASE TONY STOP WITH THE RUBBISH! GET YA HANDS OFF MY MOLE!!

HI MUM! HI DAD! YOU SEE ME ON DA PICTURE?

NO SCARPE GOOSE I WILL GET FOR WITH THE BLOOD OF BABY LAMB I SPIKE THEE TEA!!

MY MUCOSE ARE LIKE RINDY AUTUMN CROCUS...OR LIKE A PIVOTANT CONIFER!

I NOT TALL! BUT BETTER A LITTLE ONE WHICH WRIGGLE THAN A LARGE ONE WHICH SLEEP.

MUTIE BOYZ, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!! THEY MOLEST ZE TREES, ZEN FEED ME SAND?!!

21 INCHES OF BAUTIE!

GET YA TITS OUT FOR THE LAMBS!

But the skateboard craze didn't last.

KNEE JERK LIBERAL'S ALWAYS GIVING YA JIPE?

AND WE'RE ONE-DIMENSIONAL! I FEEL ALL WOBBLEY!

RADICAL

INVITE THEM UP TO ENJOY THE TRIP!

BLAH! GREAT TO SEE THE "KIDS" ENJOYING THEMSELVES. YAB POLICE HARASSMENT. TUT! TUT! IT WAS ROLLER SKATES IN MY DAY...DRONE...

CHUNKY SWEATER.

100 FOOT DOWN!!

BOOT

I don't know nothing I like looking at more than a dead pig.

If anyone resists, subdue him and administer **KEITH CHEGWIN FANTASY**



Wise UP

The "STREET SUSS" EncycloPedia

A phenomenon!! A monster in it's own piss-stained underpants!!! It's the new terror Britannia. But wot gives, eh? Just who are the mystery men behind the music? What IS

their sinister lingo, their secret "code words"??? Our resident "teen" experts have been peering at the massive swollen undercurrent of the new "street beat" and have rustled up the definitive guide thru the shady groves of the new noise maze!!!

THE "SCENE" Bands, zines, punters, pimps and good time girls, in fact the whole caboodle. Moany bastards (usually from the northern wastes) constantly rattle on about how "the scene" is being destroyed by money, "songs being too fast and too much bitching" all which is being done by their good selves.

THRASH Once used to describe the way some talent lacking clown would attack his guitar but now more commonly used as a poor quality label for all things fast'n'faggy. With this wonderfully generic pigeon-hole you can encompass Napalm Death and Sonic Youth in the same breath. So making it pretty fucking useless terminology in fact.

HARDCORE Pornography with oodles of fucking and sucking, usually supplied by those sexy Scandies... Sometimes foolishly applied as a tag for yankee punk music.

GRINDCORE If you worship nonsense Heavy Metal bands, like whacking out 30 minute long songs with wind down riffs and useless guitar wanking, plus crave to be "hip" and have journals licking your scrotum, call yourself Grind Core.

GRUNGE CORE Much the same as above with absolutely zero musical skill and unwashed underwear.

MOSH What can be loosely (... and laughably) be described as a dance. When the band get pissed off/knackered with playing stupidly fast, they'll do a slow or "mosh" bit. This is the cue for all and sundry in the "pit" (ie the bit in front of the stage) to stomp around like discount red indians in



FOR CHRIST SAKE! LOOK! MUPPETS ON MOTORBIKES! ALL DRIPPING WITH CHOD!



SEXUALLY CONFUSED LESBIANS got Dad down to it!



BLESS THE SKY... BY JOVE, INDEED... HA-HA SEXFACE!



a large anti-clockwizw circle. Punters have been known to pass out from excesses moshing to hideously crap bands who never speed up. It all sounds like a great deal of fun, but it isn't....

STAGE DIVE A particularly grizzly form of showing off. Whereby some egocentric piss head scrambles on stage, knocks the guitarist flying, grabs hold of the singer and shakes him a bit, then launches himself vaguely at the crowd, in the hope that they're willing to catch him. Unpopular "divers" often end up with multiple head wounds.

STRAIGHT EDGER A sad, laughable individual who has vetoed all the fun things in life like booze, shagging and heavy drugs for...



ahem... a "Positive" lifestyle, dedicated to forming 10 pence thrash bands, frowning a great deal and pretending to come from Manhattan. Although doomed to failure over here (mainly 'cos most brits are hopelessly addicted to the bottle) straight edge is frighteningly huge in the more un-hip parts of yank land.

DEATH A vital component is the imagery of Brit Core. Songs about millions of mutilated corpses lying around making the place look untidy and Beelzebub reaping a few souls are perennial faves with most morbid bastard thrashers. LP's with blooddrenched skulls or some poor fellow having his head blown up on the cover have been scientifically proven to shift more units.

ANARCHY A fearsome religious cult many Brit core fans indulge in heavily. Extensive research shows that "Anarchees" are forced to eat dreadful vegetarian food, smoke cheap roll-ups, get pissed and moan about the state of the nation and go about

That there's the best dead pig in the whole world

HELP TO SUPPORT THIS

"overthrowing" the "Government" by kicking in the headlights of expensive motors. The more extremist version is known "CRASSTAFARIANISM" Grass being a group of forest dwelling mystics from the distant past. Their followers support the compulsory wearing of dreadlocks, owning a crap dog and living in a broken down bus on a motorway siding in Wales.

CRUSTIE As in breed of "BritCore" fan. The "Crusties" are the ones who threaten you with menace (and bad breath) for 10p's outside gigs, inside "sip" (ie 90% at least) of your pint, then promptly fall asleep in the hall, waking only to dance around like drugged trolls to the encore. Although constantly whinging about the government, beer prices,

THE WHITE GILBERT

MAGAZINE

CAN YOU HEAR DA SOUND OF THE 11 ENORMOUS FIRE-FINDING-QUISHER-A FIRE-EXTINGUISHING FIRES IN THE DEPTHS OF HELL!

JUNIOR! GIVE ME THE EGG!

I LIKE PUNK! AND I LIKE SHAM! I GOT NICKED FOR SEXING SPAN!!

of appreciation, a greeting call or a philosophical statement. (ie I roar like a drunken baboon, therefore I'm big, butch and of low intelligence.

RAW As in the verb "To Be"... A band who are a bunch of under-rehearsed, clueless layabouts are NOT described as "complete shite" but "raw and uncompromising".

KENNETH NOSTRIS

KIPPER TIE Sod all to do with BRIT CORE, but we feel the compulsory wearing of kipper style neck apparel would promote love, happiness and bottom touching in "scene".

LET'S HAVE A BANANA

So there you have it in a dinky little skull shaped nut shell. Next issue "STREET SUSS" investigates the ominous connections between Heavy Metal, suppressed homosexual tendencies and the price of eggs.

FIRE RESISTANT BEANS

TORSO TREATS AHOY!

its for REAL! kosher S.M.5.D.

VICAR SHORTS

harmless to children! Featuring

- *All over 'Vicars Head' print
- *Knee length with Pockets
- *Designer label PLUS your very own 'Shorts Owner' badge
- *Black print on Green, Pink or Blue (state 2nd choice)
- *Just £16.00 (inc. p+p) from da S.M.5.D. address!

TOUGH AS OLD BOOTS MATE!!

Limited Stock

Talk to God

HUBBA HUBBA! THE KING IS DEAD, BUT SHED NO TEAR!! FOR HE BUNNY GEAR!!



GARRRR!! ITS THOSE

BLOODY KIDS

THAT BLOODY SHIRT

SPECIAL OFFER THING TO MUTIE MUNGERS
You too can ride high, be in the "suss" and generally have a beano of a chest cover! Grab ya self a "GRRR! THOSE BLOODY KIDS" T-shirts (M,L and XL.) thru us and we get the cash not those evil cash barons "SKATEBOARD!"...Send a mere £6.75 to ADVANCED (BOX MUTIE), P.O.

Box 14. MIDDLEWICH, CHESHIRE, CW10 0QS...Cheques to "ADVANCED PUBLISHING!"

★TOP TEN REASONS TO GIVE UP SKATING★

- *BECAUSE ALL SAFETY GEAR IS IN FACT MANUFACTURED IN SOUTH AFRICA
- *PRINCE CHARLIE HAS A GO AT IT SOMETIMES
- *THERES NO SHAGGING TO BE HAD
- *EVERY TASTELESS LITTLE SHIT HAS A DECK
- *THE PUBS ARE NOW OPEN ALL DAY
- *ALL US PROS ARE REGISTERED HOMOSEXUALS
- *TESTS PROVE IT GIVES YOU RICKETS
- *WEARING SHORTS IS FOR BUMMERS
- *YOU LOSE YOUR HARD EARNED BEERGUT
- *THERES NO MORE MONEY IN CHURNING OUT CASH-IN FANZINES TO SUGKERS LIKE YOU

the weather, etc, the Crustie certainly adds an earthy quality to the "scene".

SELL OUT CAPITALIST PIG DOG

Anyone who makes more than three pence from flogging records or making a racket. An excessively prevalent attitude in "BRIT CORE" mainly due to the fact that the average john is insanely jealous of anyone remotely successful.

RECORD CONTRACT
Unheard of in the "gentlemen's agreement" world of Hardcore. A "right on" record label will usually get a band legless, promise them a 50/50 "deal", then when it's time to cough up the ackers, lie like fuck about cash flow, market forces, the dog ate my homework etc, and not pay the hapless muso's a penny.

A TURKEY OF A LAUGH

ARRRRGH! The warcy of the BRIT CORE movement. Shouted at the top of ones voice at every opportunity - it can be a sign

COMIC WITH OUT SENSE

COMIC WITH OUT HEROES

COMIC WITH OUT AN END

THAT'S A LIE

THE END

WITHOUT HUMOUR

THIS NEWS WILL ROT YOUR TEETH...

CAN I SAY "PUSS FAPED LITTLE PIMP STRICK GOOSE" NOW?...NOT...AH WELL...

GET IN AND OUT EASILY

PECKIE! DE-PECK! PECKIE! DE-PECK!

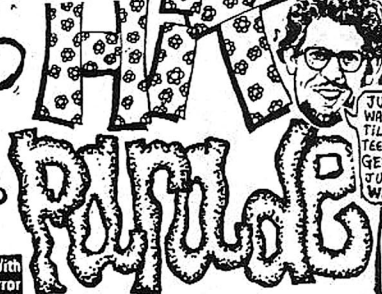
Purple "loons" and a fake-fur trimmed anorak

KEEP YOUR

GARDEN FREE FROM DOG MESS

I could tell straight away that he had a cock on him that'd make any woman want to spread out and SHUNT!!

WHAT THE DICKENS!



**They Send us Records!
We Get to Play Frisbees!**

It ain't nuthin' but a dead pig

Gather yourself three completely self opinionated MUTIES, a pile of platters and a crate of "Scrutlocks Old Peculiar" stir well with some sheer malice and you get this issues' round up of stinking hot vinyl... **A TOUCH OF TRUNCHEON**

ANHREFN - "Bwrw Cwrw"

SLAPHEAD The title could well be "BREW CREW" in real language, y'know.
CLITHOPPER Nice cover with some wickedly ugly heads depicted...
LONG'UN Not "uglyheads" pleb! They're proud welsh folk, gnarled by a lifetime down "pit"!!

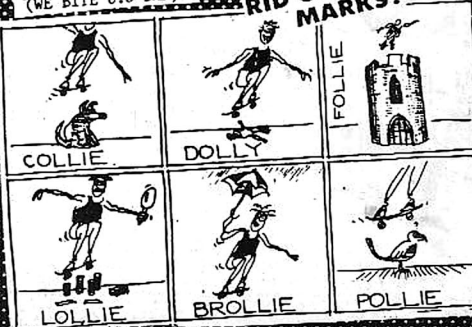
CH Yeah, fruity punky skank sounds, quite a little sweetie.
SH A modern day CLASH with a "welcome-in-the-hillside" out-look.
L Must say their JOHN PEEL stuff's grander. This sounds over produced by that looney MAD PROFESSOR, musta cost them a fair wedge, was it worth it?
(WORKERS PLAY TIME U.K.)

DAGNASTY - "Field Day"

L Thrice as poppy and grown up as their last LP...They grow on you after 4 or so plays, lyrics first then the tunes.
CH Fe l sorry for the clueless who buy this expecting big bad H.C and copping

rock-u-hate instead.
S Malcolm OWEN would revolve in his grave at the "RUDE BOYS" cover version and the singer seems to want that moany sod "Mary Chain" style. PAH!!
CH A Sunday afternoon-after-a-hangover LP.
(WE BITE U.S IMP)

HOW CAN I GET RID OF STRETCH MARKS?



GRAB!

STRETCH HEAD

"Five Finger, A Thumb"

SH Gets the stomach churning award for the charred remains of mutated feet photos.
CH MMM...It's a bit "Forward", howling dragged up thrash.
L By gads, it sounds like DISORDER back from the grave.
SH Bollocking good rant'n'noise with a sense of humour, which is sorely lacking in most other stuff... A bit "JOHN PEEL" ie mind.
L The musical equivalent of being pecked to death by a million frenzied crows.
(MOKSHA U.K.)

EXTREME NOISE TERROR

"Head Eruptions"

SH Oh, LA! LA! a "stylus fucker production"
CH Well ain't it all sorta Anti-sectie 1984 anarcho gummy punk.
L Very "songs from the slave pit of hell", all wallings and gnashings of guitar mess.
CH Yes, the twin vocals of "Sgt. Throat Cancer" and "Donald Duck" are in fine form again.
L Good record for sitting on the porch to, and annoying passersby - granny frightening music!
(Head Eruptions Rec.)

AXE GRINDER "Serpent Men"

CH (Looking at the sleeve) Ain't they pretty! Wouldn't throw 'em outta my bed...
SH We wanna be ONSLAUGHT, but we're too pretty!
L No boring "thanks" list for a change, instead a huge ten pence skull drawn by

ERGOT

Here's a quickie to tell ya' about whats going on....
ERGOT RECORD is a legitimate non rip-off mail order service. We sell all the imported hardcore, noise and grunge records we can lay our hands on! As well as domestic releases from SST, Homestead, Alternative Tentacles, etc...all at reasonable prices..
Our list is constantly growing. So if you're interested send us a large S.A.E and we'll send ya' our catalogue and update sheet.
Oh yeah, we also travel on the trans-pennine record fairs, from the midlands to the north of England. So check us out dudes! Love Neil

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The Freedom Of Milton Keynes

SKATEBOARDING IS NOT A CRIME BUT IT SHOULD BE

their mate no doubt!!!
 CH This LP contains more skulls than a Cambodian paddy field.
 SH OOH ERR!! Doom, gloom from satan's kitchen, bring back SABBATH!
 L If the "Children's Film Foundation" still made them awful films about kiddie playgrounds being bull dozed, this LP would be the sound-track for the J.C.B's moving in.

CH Double bass drum sounds like a huge scuttling spider on a tin roof. ENOUGH!! They're now a "PROPER" metal band and we hope Tommy Vance touches their bottoms soon!
 (PEACEVILLE U.K.)

People who live in glass houses shouldn't have sex on the carpet.

MUD HONEY

"Superfuzz Big Muff"
 CH Fine and dandy. The new age of golden sonic noise.
 L Wot bands like the WONDERSTUFF should sound like, infested with looseness, with a fucked attitude!
 SH The most tuneless offering yet but I find (peering under the table) that little hole in the wall more interesting than these mongo long-hair students.
 (SOUTHERN U.S.)

DOUBLE D CUP

sound like, infested with looseness, with a fucked attitude!
 SH The most tuneless offering yet but I find (peering under the table) that little hole in the wall more interesting than these mongo long-hair students.
 (SOUTHERN U.S.)

MIS ROBINSONS HOT BOTTOM

INBRED "Kissin Cousins"
 SH Cover looks like a bleedin rockabilly band, but is it??
 CH More like J.F.A. Spiralling hippy sorta row!
 L Recorded in 10 1/2 hours it says here. Fair play for that!
 SH Don't seem to go anywhere by jingle jangle land.
 L Personally I think the whole band should stand on their chairs and tell the whole class wot they're up to.
 (KONKURRAND U.S IMP)
 MADE TO EXHIBIT MYSELF!

IF PRACTICE AIN'T WORKING TO MAKE YA SELF GREATER



STAND ON ME PLEASE
 UNDO YOUR ZIPPER
 HANDS ALOFT! THE ONE WHO'S GHOFED!!

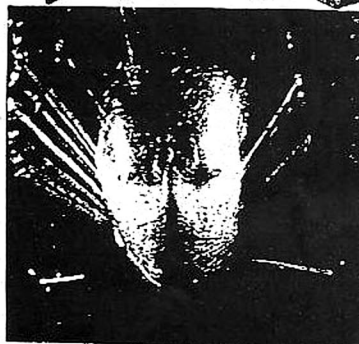
DESPERATE NYMPHOS



SALAD MEN FROM ATLANTIS

"Sea Green Spiral"
 SH To me luvvies, it says "Stonehenge". It says "bloody old hippies who worship Hawkwind"...
 CH Classically British sound... bad drumming and shoot the producer time in other words.
 L A lot like "JOYCE MCKINNEY", "DAN" that sorta mid tempo singalonghippiethrash.
 SH Real jumpy, jumpy, "see-em-live" groove, the unbearably gothy cover doesn't reflect the happy-go-lucky content.
 L They're the band you catch playing at a free festival to four people, a dog and a gallon of cider.
 (MEANTIME U.K.)

TRY EATING DA BRAINS OF A U.S. PRO SKATER!



THE ORIGINAL SPAM VIRUS 58

"IMPLOSION"

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 see them on tour in
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QUESTIONABLE SPIN-OFF

"Just put your finger in the hole"

THEY'LL DO ANYTHING FOR IT



MORE BLOODY COLOR PAGES

Your questions answered by resident old git **DOC MALLARD**

Ask DA

QUACK!

BEWARE MY SON OF THE FURIOUSLY PERT BALLOONS!

STONKER CONKER!



I've been sleeping in the gutter for a month! Please help me out of this irksome fashion predicament,

BURSTING BIKINI yours smartly, **paper breasts** **RONNY THE MOD**, Leamington Spa

DOC Nice try, but no "a-dozen-for-a-tenner-down-the-market" official "QUACK!" sweat pants winner! Maybe you should take up being a girl, you bloody great homo!!! ... "Scruffs" indeed!

GREETINGS QUACKER! **SHOULD WE HAVE SEX AT 13?**

Have I got a spine crushing query for you! Ya see I'm well into **DEATH METAL**. I mosh, listen to the harshest mega-mental noise and go see all the meanest **MOTHER FUCKERS** like **Anthrax**, **D.R.I** and **Def Leppard**, who all seem to own skateboards. So I have now purchased one (a real wicked 'un with skulls and little pictures of Satan on it!) and the trouble is, what do you actually do with them? As far as I can see you either wave them in the air at gigs or when someone points a camera at you, pull a "I eat babies for breakfast" face from out behind them. What other uses have these wooden jobbies got is my question?

SPIKE ME PANTIES BIG BOY! yours in league with old horny **ROGER "Virgin Raper" WHITTLE**, Birmingham (ALBINO, IS IT? TEDDY BOYS? SPRAY NO MORE. POGGY GITS.

DOCCO! **trembling rakish thermals**

Boy, have I got the Adolf Hitler of all gripes! The other day me and a few "amigos" were thrashin' around a shopping mall where they dand on an unsuspecting security guard. Not wanting to appear a "chicken-shitty", naturally I did. After falling three stories onto a mother and three small children, I'm now laid up with multiple head wounds, three broken limbs and am being sued by the Mall owners. Thing is... Why don't skate stickers attach to my plaster casts?

hopefully, **MAD "BABOON" EGGSON**, Neasden, London
P.S I wrote this letter with my stomach button

DOC Yawn! Barf!! When will you peabrain nonces ever learn? Always land on the grossly overweight fatties, so avoiding full capacity injuries. **PLUS!** Sue the bastards first for not having signs saying "NO SKATING LIKE A COMPLETE MONGO OVER FIFTY FOOT DROPS" ... Swell letter but no chocolate log winner!

PLEASE QUACK

Could you sort out this bitchin' now I'm having with my chum. Whats worse? Having a red hot pin poked through the pupil of your eye or the embarrassment of still skating 2 years after everyone over the age of 8 has given up? Please reply as there's a "hand job" from my mates girlie riding on this.

yours in hope, **TROY CHANG**, Stoke Podger, Essex

DOC GEEZE! Wake up and smell the urine sample! It's the five knuckle shuffle from your wimpy friends chick thats "the pits"... And I should, snigger, chortle, know...

YOODLE YOWSER DOC **OBEDIENCE TRAINING**

Here's my beef! The sides of my trousers keep gettin' totally gnarled up by my grip tape when I'm forced to carry me "stick". I tried covering my treds with goose grease and even taken to balancing it on my head when I take a walk, but to zero avail! Sure some people like to look "scruffy" but not all of us wanna appear as if we've



elegant shelving

CHICKEN POT PIE, CHICKEN POT PIE!!! I WANNA CHICKEN POT PIE!!!

OOOH! ISENT YOUR BABY SWEET...

... CRUNCHY AS WELL!



FUCK THIS+ FUK THAT+ FUK IT ALL AND GIMME A FUK MY FUKIN RUBBER MAT!

DOC Sheesh! This is either a joke or you in need of a serious, sharp blow to the forehead! What else do you use as a guitar when you stand bollock naked in front of the mirror pretending to be one of Bon Jovi!?... Now let that be an end to it.

DEAR QUACK **FORNICATION** **FISHNETS** I'll keep them on while we do it 0898

Help. Everytime I buy a skateboard, toughs with Mohicans threaten me, then steal it, sell the front of me to my friends who then ride them in

What should I do? **JOE "Radster" BIGGINS** Thrubwell, Near Avon. Display your favourite piece of driftwood to maximum effect.

DOC Simple! Kill your friends, take some heroin and join the mohawks as they obviously have more cash AND sense. **enraged purple halliards**

Stupid, fat, swollen body need covering up? Then send us £12.50 for an "ASK THE QUACK" shirt and we'll say the cheque got lost in the post.

WHEN I got to the dump I was coshed. Pissed. Plastered. It was the drink.

Footware goes with bedroom carpet

You can lead a headbanger to water, but you can't make it wash!

YOU DEVIL!

DRESS TO BE DISCIPLINED

"FUCKING GOOD RUCK"

We pondered their lack of gross out, whilst amusing ourselves checking the hate brigade and the Exploited's troops of yesteryear. All hopes of a fucking good ruck were dashed and legends-in-their-own-glue-bags "T'SPLOY-TEDD" avalanched into their first song. And by the swizzle stick in Satan's cocktail these lads still had entertainment value!...

penalised jovial Alky

And we don't mean - chortle - their haircuts. Furious, forceful and jackboot solid, an injection of meaty new blood had kept The Exploited vital enough to stop their bag of razor blade punk sounding cornball. "Punks not Dead", "Dead Cities", "Cats dead so take me Ta Glazgee" and such, were all rolled out, sounding fresh as a melon and valid as they can. Punks and Metal folk danced hand-in-hand, watery beer turned to wine and gloating trendies slunk at the back and grumbled...

RANDY RICH AND READY,

WORRA JERK OFF

So onto the reason for our forced and FREE entry, an interview with the cauliflower-like ear of Gang Green! Worra jerk off of an episode that proved, let us tell you of us slugging them off, between mouthfuls of their free beer. Verbal rutting ensued and

frantic, posh Strangler

Lucky for him he was dispensed with no more than a flea in his ear and a bag of shame protruding from his flabby buttocks. But no! Crap attack No 2!! Being thoroughly un "pro" and 10 pence we'd of course forgotten our tape machine. Lying heartily that our interviewing was better written down, we totally UN-managed to convince the "pro" GANGIES that we was kosher like.

We have got to fight the entire super band system. Groups like D.R.I. and GANG GREEN are revolting!

3 MILLION PLUGS

Not followed was a sad, laughable interview. We tried to extract the filth'n'fury and got back 3 million plugs for their poxy new album. Here follows an exact transcript.

HUGE DEATH ROLL

MUTIES OI! Taken loads drugs and raped many wombles lately?
GANG SPLEEN Hey alright! Y'know we have a song about drug abuse on our new LP called blah, drone...
M Err, Burp! Howz the tour going aye?
G.G Hey real buckaroo! It's real lengthy so we can promote our new album called... blah, plug...fat talk...
M So, you truly love the kids or wot?
G.G Why, hot dang! Sure we does! In fact we's even written a song about our little hole fans, its on our brand new album... etc...etc...

2. You're alone in a lift when a real wierdo pushes his way in. The lift is just about to go up.



D-R-I-/GANG GREEN/ THE EXPLOITED/BRI-STOL

"THE SPEAR PIERCING THE THROAT"

Well go see a man about a dog! A buzzer of a line up eh? The King goons of soapy Mohicans and scottishness, the Exploited lashed to a couple of big wig names from johnny Yanko land!!! Wots the unifying factor here den? BEER! HOOCHE! PINTS'O' SLOSH!! Three bands who enjoy 3,000 bevies a night, all spewing their squiffy headed talents tonight and we get to interview 'em. ZONGS! Don't it get the juices flowing?!

SNOGGING ELVIS

Those with third eye power would have predicted a varied, to say the tidgiest, gaggle tonight, and proved right up they was! But what a bunch of knob foddiers!! Dullard Mohawk punx sporting "SID IS ALIVE AND SNOGGING ELVIS" armbands and a vast army of sprogs with long hair, dental hygiene problems and poor quality denims all loving-ripped by mumsie.

fear of being accosted by a Moonie

HE MADE ME TOUCH IT
Heads were slapped as we bottom pinched our way thru the mongos as the bastard promoters had deemed to wack "GANG GREEN" on three minutes after the doors opened!! Playing a half empty hall (most people still outside sniffing boot polish we imagine) were four chubby fellows belting out some meat cleaving sounds very close to a double-on-the-frenzy Motorhead with a New York street bum on vocals. Tight as a..... errrr... pair of tights on a very fat person, "G.C" (as a poncey journo would say) they still have an edge on most snot nosed thrashers but there was something askew...

it's time to reduce the annoyance of WHISKERING



CONDOM!

Going through their motions sprang to mind or maybe it was too early in the eve. But there was way too much nicey nicey and nowt near enuff rowdy head jumble and speed punk attack... A possible Mr-Sell-out-to-metal-for-cash influence here, sir

You've either got it or you haven't

... would after my death like medical students to make rude comments about my obesity.

HUGE! SWOLLEN! WOBBLY!!...ITS SKATE MUTIES

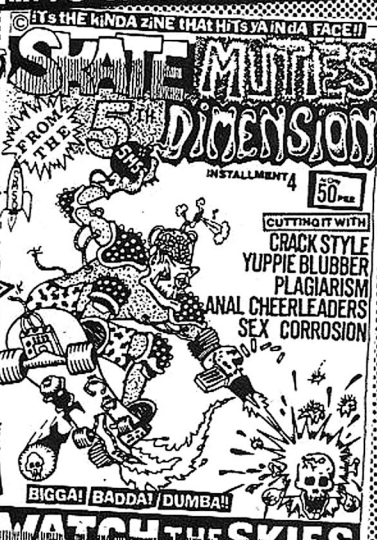
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OUTLINE



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Are you with the Sex Pistols all the way or do you hate what they stand for? The best five letters we receive win a record

After ten minutes of this merciless hype, pencils snapped accidentally and an emergency call from a dying relative saved us from more beer-bellied capitalism.

BRASS KNOBS ON OWN!

We stumbled from backstage straight into a thrash hungry not-so-unwashed playing fake-out guitars to the down tempo sound of D.R.I. Lord spare US!! They was bad enough on their last visit but more hair, grosser beer bellies and stolen cheese metal riffs meant they'd plumbed the depths of non-cred. Any remaining clickers of speed punk had been wiped from the lads of D.R.I and the yanks who spawned a million running stick men T-shirts gave now only proper

tailors dummies picket Burtons window.

WELCOME TO THE PLEASURE GYM!!



YOU TAKE ONE STEP CLOSER AND ONE STEP FURTHER FROM YOUR TIGHTS YOU ARE ENCOURAGED CAMEL-FUCKER.



GAYS

eat raw herrings until it stops raining.

grown up DEATH METAL, with a stanic knobs on! Of course the cheese dick fans lapped it up like the pussies they is. They lie blameless, as no doubting the most "WES-ALL-STREET-WIZE-GUN-TOTTIN-THRASH-KIDS" type bands they'd ever seen, were probably the likes of doodle buck heads like ANTHRAX or STATUS QUO.

Connect the

the suburban schmetal fans had a good "mosh", we made a fast exit with the last vestiges of the Exploited barmy army, whose heroes only got paid £35.00 for tonight. TISH! Ripped off, bummed out and who would have thought a bunch of jocks with more studs than sense would blow two of the (once) spamiest acts around right off the bloody stage?

12. You see a man dragging a screaming child into a taxi.

There's no quicker way to stop diarrhoea

Bagpuss

PERFECT POSTURE
BUBBLE CAR??
BEE IN JAR!!

SORE THROAT

LESBIAN SEX TOYS

PIG IN SUSPENDERS BEING BUMMED BY ALIEN BENDERS!!

DILDO ECSTASY

WOBBLY WORDS FROM WOBBLY LADS

You'll need more than a couple of aspirin.

GULP: YONKERS: AND I'll be WIG RAPED by a TREE! A real, KOSHER, non KAK interview in S.M.S.D.!? Yes it's a truism, terror heads! Such were the words of spittle and jolly crossness spouting forth from the self-styled "FRANKIE HOWARD'S" of Hardcore we deemed it user friendly. OF ALL the multitude of interviews we have conducted (usually to gain free entry to gigs, their records, the female bassist's underwear) this one disproves the fact that musician's should keep their gobs shut and just play their bloody toys. So let the farce commence luvvies.



THE CAST

RAWHEAD ROX - SHOUTING
BEASTLY VOMIT - BEATING
LEGGO - DE-BASSING
RANDY TROUT - GIT-ARRING
GLENDA MUTIE - THOUGHT PROVOKING
MORPHINE, LAGER AND PARTY POPPERS -
INFLUENCING

THE FILTH

Add spice to your cooking in a Jiffy

R.R How much are we gettin paid for this then?
G.M What do we get? Oh, two hundred quid off your record company and poor northern types like you get paid in stolen "SKATEBOARD!" sweat tops or summin completely cheeseball.
L (feebly) Can I have a pair of those shorts with the Vicar's head on them?
(Sound of dreadlocked forehead being slapped)
G.M On with it scuttlers... Bet you formed "SORE THROAT" after a hellish all night drinking session eh??
B.V We ARE an all night drinking session.
R.R Yeah! We drink loads, see. (holds up a pint of orange juice and takes the shame for cracking bad joke).
R.R But anyhow I'm more into dabbling with BRASSO (tastes the same as most 'oop north beer - S.M.S.D) I recommend a gallon to anyone...cept BOLITROWER cos they're too old and stupid to drink.
G.M Tell us how totally fucking NAFFO skate-boarding is?
R.R It's shite! Absolute, its another mindless consumer fashion.
B.V Always has been...

MAMMOTH MELONS & GARGANTUAN GUTS!!



MY KNICKERS ARE OFF



R.R (Disagreeing non-violently, unfortunately) NOO! It used to be a fun pastime, before wank off big business moved in, besides I'm too fat to skate.
B.V We prefer shopping trolleys lashed to together so we don't fall off.
R.R That's why they invented straight-edge, they can't take their beer and skate at the same time!
G.M Wot thinks you of Britain's Hardcore record labels?
ALL (HOOTS OF DERISION)

WHAT IS AN ORGASM?

B.V Well DIC (he who owns EARCHIE - SM5D) is the Mr Creosote of PUNK!
R.R... And SHANE from MANIC EARS is a goblin dwarf. 0836 403 498
L EARCHIE have been, in fact, paid by EMI to put out knobby bands like "CARCASS".
G.M AHA! Ya slander-heads, say some big truths about our lovely home-grown H.C bands.
R.R Right - "CARCASS"! They're absolute shite! Bet they reckon their LP sleeve (the one with the yukky bits'o'bodies on it - SM5D) is real outrageous. It's just five year old childish humour.
L "NAPALM DEATH"! Boring numb-head thrash, no inventiveness, the lyrics are just a pose. They're that ugly you wanna throw up when you watch em... They're genetically mutated.

"DYKES IN SPIKES"

B.V Their guitarist is the love child of the Michelin man and Bernard Mannings!
R.T "BOLITROWER" are just tuned down bollocks, riding off the backs of "BLACK SABBATH".
B.V They stand there with gobs down to 'tut floor, they're that bored!
R.R Same as the bloody audience.
B.V And "DR AND THE CRIPPENS", cretins! They break bands equipment when they borrow it, cos they're too dense to understand how it works!

HAPPY TO BE HELED

G.M Hold on! Worra bout "IAN MCKAYE"?
R.R BOLD BASTARD! Birch him and send him to prison for three months for inventing Straight Edge!
L Aye I forgot "CEREBRAL FIX" - biggest bunch of dumb metallers we ever met, real macho men, with £600.00 guitars bought by EARCHIE...can't shag any good either.
G.M Wot Nottingham, the birth place of "BRITCORE".

R.R It sucks, I wanna smash it up, John singer of "HERESY" is a turd and their bassist KALV has a flat face.

L Yeah we're so grateful for them 'inventing' hardcore for us 'plebs' to listen to.
G.M Why does all so called decent music come from the North not the affluent SARF then?
R.R Cos they all drink lager, don't smoke enuff tabs and are dozy bastards, basically.
L It's "canny" good up here...
G.M Do you love the kids, the bums on seats luvvies?
B.V NO! NO! If we did we would give such such unlistenable garbage.
G.M Who do you hate the most God or Satan?
L We just love them both.
R.R I think it would have to be "HERESY"

"Sir! Wupert Everwett's being bummed alive in the bogs, Sir!"

Did you ever wish you had wings on your feet?

purple banana sick

insensitively homosexual haircut

G.M Do you reckon people in Punk 'n' that have been far too polite and nicey nicey to each other for far too long?

B.V Yeah, that's where all the bitching comes from, 'cos they can't say it to their face.

LICKING LESBIANS

R.R Where as we do!

B.V It's like the humourous bits of "SORE THROAT" aren't that funny really, it's like us taking the piss out of other bands inadequacies!

R.R People on the outside laugh at it, but bands on the receiving end get well annoyed.

B.V Yeah, it's worked that well that "CERE-BRAL FATS" came and threatened me at a Brum gig!

G.M Are you pissed off that you didn't get on SNUB T.V then?

REMEMBER KIDS! DON'T EAT DUNG SO SOFT YOU DON'T ENJOY IT!

L Naw, it's just part of the Hardcore hype, we don't wanna be part of it, time will tell who gets made a fool of.

B.V That "SNUB" things the epitome of what HC ended up to be, all they're gonna be laughed at, ya know "HA! Look there's those stupid bastard tramps who like that silly Hardcore noise. Aren't they funny".

R.R Yeah, see all the wankers who had smiley face t-shirts last month running round swearing they've always been into NAPALM DEATH, honestly makes yah violent it does.

G.M Final word to the punters.

L Death...

R.R Fuck IAN McKAYE up the botty.

R.T Can I change my name?

B.V I can shag as fast as I drum.



BREATH THROUGH YOUR EARS



IT WAS THEN THINGS STARTED TO GET OUT OF HAND...



SORE THROAT Boys and Girls - a band to blow any po-faced sod out of his "Danger Mouse" pyjamas. If you really want to pester the band for crappy postal interviews, at the local village hall then find their freakin ad elsewhere! Look out for a summer-cookies merchants CRUCIAL YOUTH.

THROATY PLATTERS

"UNHINDERED BY TALENT" LP (MEANTIME) 12" (so it'll cost yah 8 quid or summin')

"DISCRAGE TO THE CORPSE OF SID" 137 track and only 79p LP (EARACHTUNG!)

IN THE PIPELINE...

"INDESTROY" One track concept LP (MANIC QUEERS)

"KILL YOUR IDOLS" only-on-sale-in-Japland

A one second video to be aired on the next series of NETWORK 7. A double LP called

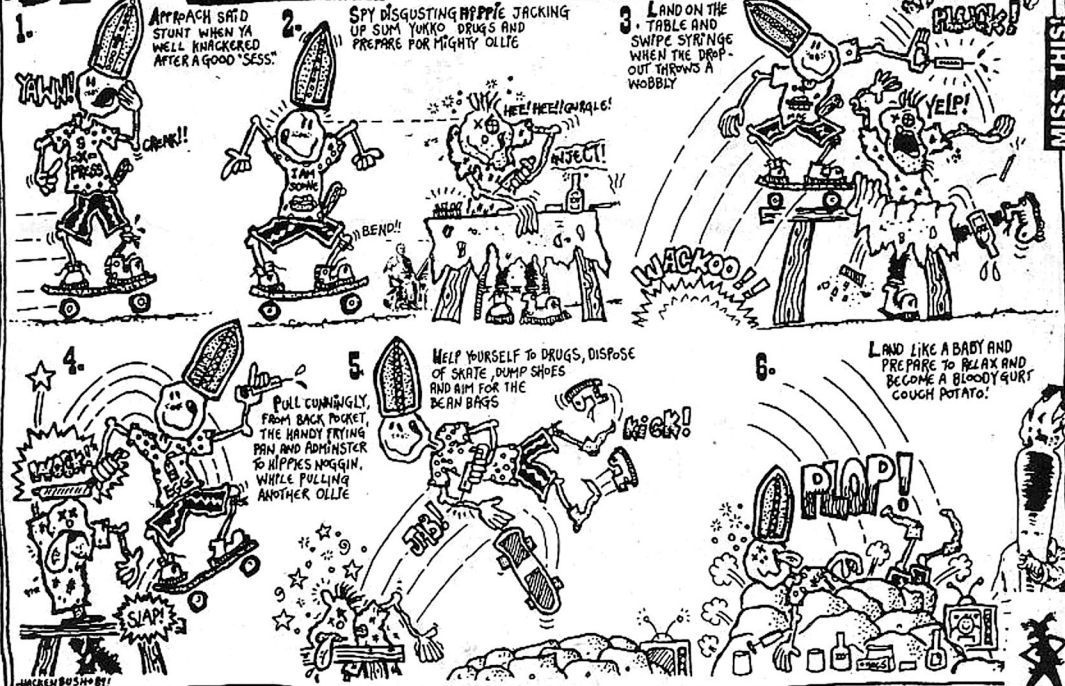
"KUNT LIPS" on VINYL SOLUTION.

NAPPY STACKER

SORE THROAT'S TOP TEN HANGOVER CURES

- * Chocolate milk and Hashish
- * Don't get up
- * Beer and cough mixture
- * Chips and gravy
- * Wobbly bottoms
- * Russell Grant's face
- * Sex with a member of NAPALM DEATH

OLLIE-TO-LAID-BACK-JUNKIE



Only last week I caught two naked boys strung up by the cloisters.

The GUNG HO! way to

GIG DANCING LA EURO

foreigner abuse special!!



A whistle stop look at an anarchist's ideological in depth study of the sociological behaviour of our continental cousins.

OR PERVS WELCOME

Five pissed show offs on the road. "Would you and your band like to come and play in Greece", the letter started. Hmm, Greece, lets just think about this for a second. Greece, eh. Land of beaches sun, ouzo, and sultry dusky maidens. By God we'd kill to come and play in Greece. And so it began. A tale of bravery, stamina, lust, greed, avarice and enough alcohol on which to float the moon. So one sunny day last year, we packed up our things - two guitars, 1 change of socks, 15 crates of Pig lager and a mind boggling array of sun tan oil and we set off in our trusty ford (look at that rust) transit. Hoorah, first stop Dover and all the pre-customs panic and passport buffoonery that we always associate with this evil place of cross channel ferries and nasty smelling french fashion victims, you know what I mean "ooh la la, Pascal, le supermarket a la shopleeft si'il vous plais, croak, croak, croak". Escaping the frogs (cause no one in England really likes the French) and surviving the onslaught of interpol and HM Customs who for some strange reason always seem to think that we're either irish terrorists or a splinter

DEBASED AND PRIMEVIL BEHAVIOUR

group of the Baader Meinhof, we park oop van and head straight for the duty free and cheapo bar. Now I won't go into detail about the debased and primevil behaviour that you have to associate with cross channel ferries, but let us just say that on arrival in Zeebrugge we must have put the Vikings to shame. Now I know that's nothing to be proud of (it is, it is - Ed) (It's not, it's not - typist) but

AAAAAAGHI NO-I'LL NEVER DRINK AGAIN!

LET ME HOLD YOUR BALLS

AT THREE O'CLOCK EVERY NIGHT I COME OUT OF THE FLOODS AND CLIMB UP MY BACK AND DOWN THE PART IN MY HAIR.

STAIN DEVILS

BOLD BONDAGE LOVERS

SUCKER ASS-GOOSE YOUR TIME IS OVER!

HELLO! HELLO! IS THAT DIA-L-A-L-A-A-RAB?

HAW HAW HAW! DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE TRAVELING SALESMAN?



THIS IS THE FACE OF THE VILEST SEX MONSTER

BAPH! THE IMPERFECT DUKH! OF ME MUST DIE! ITS EXISTENCE IS A MOCKERY OF MY GREATNESS!

HORRIBLY ILLEGAL DRUGS

believe me when I tell you that five bloody hours crossing the channel in a metal box you begin to understand why the aforementioned vikings attacked with such ferocity. Anyway, perceiving and pulling ourselves together with Jack Daniels, we headed off towards the land of the free. O.K, for all you sprogs, non-entities and general homeboys, the lands of the free are not the good old USA's or UK's of this world but a couple of poxy countries known to you and I as Holland and Belgium. In these two countries you can buy anything you want, from the most horribly illegal drugs to the

LOCK UP YOUR CABBAGE WATER MR! IN PEAKING!

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE & GARDEN

DEBAUCHED AND DEPRAVED

most horribly illegal pornography which as usual, had our drummer and driver fighting each other to be the first people in our entourage to become the most debauched and depraved in whatever way they possibly could.

EJACULATION

A few hours later after stopping for re-fueling (know what I mean?) It was back on the road and next stop Deutsche land (Germany to you thickos) Right so here was the plan. 1. Fight our way through German Customs, not the friendliest people in the world. 2. Meet up with friends for old times sake. 3. Drive like buggery all next day and the day after.

Now then, now then, Taking it easy it was not. Unfortunately for us, our band has a bit of a bad reputation for hell-raising, beerdrinking and having a good time generally without a care in the world. Just the sort of things the Germans seem to have an affinity with. Between us and our comrades we shook the very foundations of the Reichstag and only partially managed to control our own blitzkrieg.

Ugh, Christ on a crutch. 8'0'clock in the morning and it was Austria bound. Glancing around at the faces in the van. I knew how the troops who liberated Auschwitz must have felt.

ARE YOUR ROUNDS WAMADETTED?

TEARING DOWN THE AUTOBAHN

For what seemed like an eternity we tore down the Autobahn (no speed restrictions) each of us lost in his own hellish nightmare world of the german homebrew hang-over.

Eventually and by the powers that be, we arrived at the Austrian border. God we must have looked bloody awful. So imagine our surprise when with a wave and a smile the nice customs men ushered us through without a by your leave. Now this sort of

THE MOMENT I WAKE UP I PUT ON A LITTLE MAKE UP + SPILL MY WAD OVER YOU!



GIANT TEDDY BEARS

RODDING KEEPS YOUR WEAPON CLEAN!

behaviour is rather sinister and somewhat disturbing. We were quite taken aback, but no where near as taken aback as when we looked at our first sightings of Austria. "My god, all this drinkings finally killed me and I've gone to heaven", was just one of the comments muttered under beery breath.

AMPLE ASSETS
Austria is beautiful. You may have been to Scotland. You may even have walked the Pennine Way. But these pale into insignificance compared to this country. But even so, after a few minor run-ins with neo-nazis in a small mountain hamlet it was next stop Yugoslavia.

Imagine if you can, Afghanistan. Flat as a stick plains, lined with mountains. Course, rocky medieval peasants toiling fields. Well Afghanistan was the image



owned motorway which you have to pay extortionately large amounts of money to use... On top of this practically every commercial heavy bastard lorry travelling south uses this road as a sort of H.G.V. rands hatch. Well the pressure was on, three days non stop driving with about 3 hours sleep (I'm not kidding) was beginning to show on our psychotic yet aimiable driver.

"THIS IS A PACK OF LIES!"
"Point that finger at me again you dago son-punch your fucking 'ead in". Crumbs, things were definitely getting slightly out of order and a rest was on the cards. Two hours later after driving through a veritable waterfall of a rainstorm we arrived at our haven of peace - Chez

ALWAYS BOASTING ABOUT YA TRICKS AND STUNTS?

THEN MEET THY DOOM IN DA ROOM OF GREASED ACCOUNTANTS!



unpleasantly throbbing cobblestones
PSYCHOTIC YET AIMIABLE DRIVER

it conjured up in my durranged mind. Entering Yugoslavia is like going back in time. A country trapped in the dark ages yet still trying desperately to come to terms with westernised 20th century living. There is only one road that runs through Yugoslavia actually. Road is maybe an understatement. Let's just say it's a two lane death trap that runs for about 800 miles with about 200 miles of state



NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS
purchase horribly large amounts of alcohol and retired to the van for a crackingly uncomfortable 4 hours sleep. Life on the road is fun and don't let any other bugger tell you otherwise; nervous breakdowns, physical exhaustion are all part of the entertainment and with that thought on my mind, we set off again for one of the most nerve wracking stages of our trip.

DR. STRANGE

The HERBS

DR. STRANGE



MAN, AFTER THAT SESSION LOOKS LIKE HE NEEDS ...

AWW BUM!!! THEY'LL THINK IM UNDER AGE IF I GO IN WITH MY BOARD!

Q Q STRANGE IDEAS IN THE MALLING DDD

... AND A PINT OF VODKA FOR MY FRIEND PLEASE!

I get to eat fish twelve times a day and all the ice I can suck.

THWACK! The top of my head smashed my head, wet my knickers and bit a bar stool on the leg.

THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY MAGAZINE'S FEAR · POWER · GOD

SPOKEN WORD/GRAVEN IMAGE COMPILATION

JELLO BIAFRA
ALLEN GINSBERG
ANTON LA VEY
HENRY ROLLINS
LYDIA LUNCH
WHIPPING BOY
MATT HECKERT
CHARLES MANSON
MR. V. O. REAL
LAWRENCE
FERLINGHETTI

SIDE ONE

LYDIA LUNCH - The Human Animal
MATT HECKERT (of South and Research Lab) - Untitled
LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI - The Lord's Prayer
CHARLES MANSON - Prison Tape
MR. V. O. REAL - Balls in the Great Meat Grinder

SIDE TWO

JELLO BIAFRA - Alien Orders
Space Shuttle
ALLEN GINSBERG - A Song
Dream About William Carlos Williams
ANTON LA VEY (of Church Of Satan) - Book IV
HENRY ROLLINS - LA
WHIPPING BOY - The 3rd Secret

Workers Playtime
61-71 Collier Street
London N1 9BE

OUT NOW

PLAY LP 6

UK DISTRIBUTION BY THE CARTEL. HOLLAND: BOUDISQUE. BELGIUM: PLAY IT AGAIN SAM. GERMANY: EFA.



...AND SPEAKING IN SOME STRANGE CRUSTACEAN
LANGUAGE TO AN UNSEEN HOST... WHILE
CANDLES MISS THE NAMES OF THE GUILTY...



KINKY PUNISHMENT SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED

South Yugoslavia - bandit country extra-
ordinaire; what ever you do, don't break
down while in the mountains, always
drive like Skeletor is on your tail.
(well I thought I'd bring it down to your
level) and if you do happen to stop, hope
the police get to you first, cause the
worse they do is to take your money and
lock you up for a few months. With the
horrific visions of bandits and red-necked
pigs scaring each of us into comas we

'Suck me!' she panted.

promptly blew a tyre in the middle of
no where. I'd swear that in my life I have
never seen five people move so quickly.
We'd changed the tyre and were on the road
within seven minutes. Believe me, I count-
ed. Cracking open the noxious brandy in a
rather pathetic attempt at celebration
it was onwards to the Greek border.
Destination arrivee, the temperature in

So fuck off Bum Funn Chum,

the 90's, crickets romantically cricket-
ing in the background, and no hassle at
all at the border. We were in! Breathing
a stinking sigh of relief, we made the
all so important phone call to our Greek
counterparts and set off at a leisurely
pace for the birth place of Alexander
the Great (what do ya mean where's that?
Don't they teach you anything at school
these days?) Thessalouiki, Greece's
largest second city after Athens and a
strange place of wonderment and beauty.
After waiting for about half an hour at
the train station, we finally met the
people we'd suffered five days of hell
for. It was brilliant, hand shaking
abounded, tears welled up in the old eyes,
even I (who usually holds a line of
contempt for foreigners a mile long)



I feel like an idiot.



(It's the Wellington in me) was prone to
only the minimum abuse and one joke about
kebab shop owners - Yes folks, it was a
joy to behold!! Avoiding the suspect glances
directed at me, we clambered back into
the van with our Greek pilot and headed
for the place of sejour. Now I shall nt
bore you with too much detail about the
general comings and goings and assorted
scandals (once we were rested and ha-
re-cooperated, and pleasure bent.) But to
be plunged into the world of Greek punk
rock was a refreshing and exhilarating
experience. These people don't fuck about.

MADE TO OBLIGE BOKK A HOUSEWIFE

In many aspects they take themselves too
seriously, but I suppose somebody has to.
It's not until you begin to find out the
situation in Greece that you realise why
these people riot at the drop of a hat.

I ONLY BEAT VERY NAUGHTY BOYS

Like I said I shan't bore you with the
ideologies and political ramblings. If
you really want to know, go there. (Ha)
Well my time is running out. I could
probably write a book on the subject of
underground world travel and by the time
this is printed we'll probably be off
again. (Cardiff on Sunday, lads - typist
tee hee) Now here's the competition.
The first person to write in with the
correct name of the above band who did
eight countries in three and a half
weeks wins a tour t-shirt and free entry
to any one of the bands gigs in this
country in the near future.

DISHONOUR BEFORE DEATH

Yul Brynner
*Over 18's only
Your statutory rights are affected
ALL SEX MANIACS CALL

ANDY PANDY

Spanking MP's shame

Panting
ELVIS

ONE-PIECE ROMPER

RECOMMENDED READING

TEN WHEEZES To Get You INTO...

GIGS FOR Fuck ALL!

Phone up the concert hall, saying you're from the Local free advertiser rag and you want to do a whopping great feature on the venue, but you can only make it along tonight, so you "might as well" see the band as well. (Good for those with the gift o' gab)

Alternatively, find out the name of the local paper's poncey old rock "critic" as they're always on the guest list. Use it early in the evening while said hack is still being a monstrous old windo down the pub.

Swipe your big bro's "LED ZEP WORLD TOUR 73" T-shirt, stuff a pillow down the front for a wobbly beergut. Then wipe yourself down with a greasy old sock, pour brown ale down your trousers and pass yourself off as a roadie.

MUSHROOM MONEY-BOX

Find out which pub the Band are getting sloshed in before the show, swagger in looking mournful saying "Well I used to go and see Blah, Blah, all the time when they played down the "Dog and Cuttlefish" but MAN! The ticket prices now... not like the old days... moan, gripe..." Bands are complete suckers for pleasing long standing fans, will feel all guilty about "selling out", and will instantly give you a back-stage pass so you can go and drink their beer and fondle their groupies.

Leggit round and round the concert hall, find the toilet window, clamber through, find its the girlies loo and get brutally thrown out for being a colossal pervvie.

Stand outside grovelling like a good'un for "spare change". Get pee'd off after you collect just 39p (and a greek coin). Beat up a small person and steal their ticket.

Gather together a band of oppressed type punters, storm the "imperialist lackies" shouting old beardo politico cliches, while the kids take a good hammering from the bouncers sneak in and lose one million karma points.

We care and it shows

Spot some bod flogging unofficial band merchandise outside, tell the security (who'll proceed to chase him down the road with baseball bats), then get a pat on the head and a free entry for being a dirty little grass.

Start blubbing and a crying in front of the queue outside until some foxy chick takes pity on you and gives a spare ticket (and a bit of the other later on if you're a lucky cuss).

If all else fails, phone the venue, saying you're a mad-as-a-brush veggie bomber or summin and that you've planted a monumental incendiary device in the building. You don't get to see the show, but neither does any other bastard either.

Just then a plump perfect burst



Baby Chinchilla Converts Milk into Gorgeous Fur

*FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT OR SHOULD NOT CLIMB STAIRS

*STICKERS

10p EACH



I ♥ LONDON
ENOUGH TO PUT ON A LAUGHABLE BARROW BOY ACCENT.....



I ♥ LITTLE BOYS IN SHORTS



FAT PEOPLE ARE CUNTS

NO HOMOSEXUALS...

...NO LESBIANS OR DEVIANTS OF ANY NATURE

SKATEBOARDING IS NOT A CRIME BUT IT SHOULD BE



FUCKING BORE



Circle the stickers you want, clumsily rip out ad, and send a blank cheque...

CASHIN LTD
MUSSOLINI TRADING ESTATE,
RIGHT WING GROVE,
SLOUGH

STICKERS FOR THE FUN LOVING BIGOT



BE PREPARED TO SEE THE LIGHT

You are what you eat so you better not eat junk
Don't treat your body like a garbage dump
If you get three square meals everyday
You'll see life in a positive way



CRUCIAL YOUTH



TRUE OR FALSE!

HOW TO INCREASE THE SIZE OF YOUR PENIS

HEY FOOL! CRUCIAL YOUTH SAYS GRAFFITI ISN'T COOL!

"MEET THE MOST POSITIVE BAND IN THE WORLD"
This is the proud boast of Crucial Youth
The American Hardcore band who've been
tearing the US "STRAIGHT EDGE" scene to
pieces. So just who or what are these
sober-headed crusaders of all that is pure
and chaste?

We wrote several begging letters to their
Record Company NEW RED ARCHIVES with the
casual claim of being a "HUGE BRITISH MAG
OF UNTOLD CIRCULATION" and shortly soon
after received their spanking new LP -

YOU BASTARD... ALL
THOSE YEARS... ALL
THOSE BOYS... THOSE
POOR INNOCENT...
LITTLE...



the bands motto PHYSICALLY STRONG, MENTALLY
AWAKE and MORALLY STRAIGHT is just one of
the many gems of pious purity to be found
in their 20 page straight edge bible
given free with the LP.

It first starts out with a Playboy in your hands
You told me that it was just your over-active glands
You said this once it would be okay
But now you do it every single day

Who does a 12-year-old turn to
when his dad's on drugs?



CRUCIAL YOUTH

THE POST MACHINE. Crucial Youth are five
casual but clean cut youths from HOLMBORE
NEW JERSEY, who've taken the socially
upstanding morality of the straight edge
movement to the outer boundaries of
extremity and come up with their own TOT
EDGE scene.

Just one beer is all it takes
For your straightedge pride to break
You said you could handle 3 or 4
But now you are puking all over the floor

CROSS ON THE GREEN
FOR A
POSITIVE
SCENE!



ARE BOYS PUT OFF
BY MY BRA



Along with the starch stiff moral lyrics
there's also lashings of info for the
budding straight edger on how to make your
scene more POSITIVE, like the DO'S and
DON'TS of MOSH PIT SAFETY and slogans
like "If you curse you're the worse",
"Do sports not drugs" and "Milk rips".
Now, any Hardcore/Punk who hasn't got an
unwashed sock for a brain, will realise
that C.Y. are one huge jolly jape at the
expense of the Holier than thou side of
- DOGGY SLAVE

Things have gotten worse, you can't even see
You lied to your mom, said you're just gonna pee
Well you can lock the door and throw away the key
How could you ever do this to me?

Straight Edge. But no, not so. As
mentioned before this band of booze
banning do gooders have kicked up an
unholy stink over in the U.S. of A. Some
of the more gullible straight edgers see
C.Y. as the second coming of the Messiah
himself and have taken their words of
wisdom as gospel.



THE X'S WIN!

SMOKING is for SQUARES!

CRUCIAL YOUTH
ROLL! BOOM!

STRAIGHT
ALERT!
I'LL DRINK
TO THAT!

STINKIN'
MULTIES HAVE
GONE CRAZY!
WHY? 'CAUSE
THEY THINK
THEY'RE PLAYIN'
AT?

STILLETTO STUDIES
CRUCIAL JOE AND HIS CREW



The NO ALCOHOL NO DRUGS lifestyle adopted
by the more radical of U.S. Hardcore devotees
just isn't positive enough for C.Y. These
guys take forthright stances against
among others, MASTERBATION, SWEARING
GRAFFITI and DENTAL HYGIENE.

Whatever I do, I can't stop the urge to
eat more and feel in utter despair

goddamn handbag. funk

Losers like you for the pot you have got
But I like you for the pot you have not
It's no joke, you took a toke
Now the scene has gone to pot

While on the other side of the penny (or dime) it seems that the real McCoy bastions of Straight Edge thoroughly disapprove of this enlightened TOTAL EDGE theory and say that it is undermining all their praise worthy efforts to rid the world

CHARLES SCREAMER

Stay away from me when you are drinking your coffee
Stay away from me when you are drinking your tea
Stay away from me, now don't you harm me
When you are under the influence of caffeine

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE...

of demon intoxicants, and that people are now not treating the S/E scene with the serious reverence it deserves! Musically the LP itself (which by the way comes on milk coloured vinyl) has the same raw, rift rendering sounds associated

SUCK



Sounds like the donkey can dig a tunnel

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE GOING TO THE EDGE. WAKE UP + LIFT!

FOR A MAN WHO LIKES TO BE SPANKED



We don't just want the cake we want the whole bakery



CRUCIAL YOUTH

with the stout yeomen of S/E Hardcore eg Dagnasty, Cromags, Minor Threat etc which is probably "no coincidence". This sort of stuff is always best appreciated live and rumour has it that these stalwarts of the Hard Edge, will be

When someone offers you a vile of crack Say "No my brother, you can take it back." When someone offers you a toke from their bong Say "No my brother, I am morally strong."

hitting these shores in the Summer. So grab your skate, a carton of milk and get your Mr. Positive head down to the nearest venue Crucial Youth are a mere farce or indeed the uncrowned Titans of the Straight Edge

TRAY-SLIDE-SCOFFER

FOR A MAN WHO DESERVES PUNISHING

casual bugger bazooka

ENTER CHEESY SELF SERVICE CAFE WITH THE GRANDPAPPY OF ALL RAGING HUNGRERS!

LEAVE CRAPPY SKATEBOARD BEHIND AND FLIP ONTO TRAY, WHILST SHARING A JOKE WITH ASSISTANT

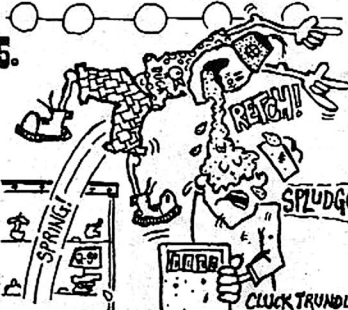
RIDE LIKE A BAD WIND ON TRAY, HELPING YOURSELF TO MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF OVERPRICED SCOFF



...GUSH! TRUNDLE TRUNDLE!! ZOOMADY. ZOOM!



FINISH THE EATABLES WHILE ASSUMING A CROUCH POSITION AS YOU APPROACH THE TILL



TAKE TO THE AIR WITH A STUPIDLY LARGE LEAP AND RETURN THE EATG TO THE COUNTER.



LAND BACK ON THE BOARD, BREAK YOUR ANKLE AND TRY TO ESCAPE THE COPPER WHEN THEY TURN UP

NEXT WEEK — Sarah turns the evil balloon loose on Katherine!

I SPENT ETERNITY IN A DEEP FREEZE!

FROM OUR OWN MAIN MAN EZCAPE «««»»» TO

NEW YORK!

Politically Incorrect

From your own correspondent
Scathers news agency

How much can a man take? How far stretch the bonds of friendship? How far do I have to travel to escape The Muties, and the curse of nonsense they have entangled me in? How much will I be paid? These are pressing questions, burning issues, that I feel should be answered immediately, with large cheques, made out entirely in U.S. funds (no cash in mail please) in the meantime console your enquiring self with a brief update of the facts, as they happen, as I live and breathe.

LUXURY
FOAM

WE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO US
AND IT'S EVIL! WE SAW WHAT YOU DID
TO SEAM! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH
THIS, YOU FREAKY SPACE JERKS!!
THIS IS AMERICA, SEE?!

BASH
THE
RICH



STOCKINGS AND STRAPS

Yes, as once again I recline in luxurious yet quaintly squalid New York City apartment, I feel the call of the wallet urging me to reduce a once great city and its peoples to a series of senseless boasts and unfounded lies. Yes, some men are born to greatness, others have it thrust upon them, but some just find it a cheap way to an income. After my celebrated, nay feted, return to the green and peasant* land, which included my high budget, society wedding to the legendary large chested yankee slut of everyone's dreams, and extensive coastal holidaying. I found it necessary to hang up my crocodile skin shoes and my "ARMANI" suit and to don my fila sneakers

and my fake "ROLEX" watch, and to sink my teeth into the equally rotten big apple. Ah yes, New York, so good they named it twice, promptly forgot it's second name, and carried on calling it New York. Yes, New York, where the gold chains look like rope and the rope, well, that looks like rope too. But where did my previous narrative leave off? Ah Yesss! Settle down

and my little rosy cheeked English cherubs my little worshippers of American fashion and consumer durables, for tales tales of Cal-ee-for-nye-ayy come your way. California where the sun shines all year, the chicks are plentiful and large of chest, and the skating it is much and lots!!! Bull-shit!

When I arrived at San Francisco international airport the very wet, very cold rain was pouring down, and all the girls I saw were crap. After a cab ride through what seemed to be ore huge, posh white suburb, I was informed that this was

It changed my life!



THE EYES OF BONNY LANGFORD ARE UPON ME!!

YOU BASTARD DEVIL YOU LYING JUDAS, I KNEW YOU COULDN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT.



CENSORED

OH No!

RUMMAGE
THRU YA
UNDIES SKI?

it, the Big Frisco. Big deal. The saving grace of the evening was a bar that sold real beer, not the noddly American stuff, in pints. This along with the fact that I paid for none of the immense quantity of rabid lager I consumed, served to cushion the blow of having to sleep on a kitchen floor. Needless to say, after my rude 6 am awakening, I found way superior lodgings, in the thoroughly bohemian (well Mexican really) Mission Street, and considerably superior company, notably a 300 dollar-a-trick French prostitute, who took me on an extensive tour of Frisco's many and varied

SOMEBODY GOOFED

Pornographic establishments. This resulted in my shocked discovery of an 18", full scale pink rubber vibrating model of a human forearm, complete with clenched fist, also the purchase of some fine enema magazines, and the conossieurs choice, the legendary "BAG LADY PORN". Further company was kept by the hugely corpulent LIZ of "POLKACIDE" (ludicrously obscure and ridiculous band) fame, and famed and feared "SKULL SKATES" rider CLUEHEAD, part man part pharmace*ical, mainly party animal.

TRY PUFFKINS

MYSTERY WIVES KINKY ANTICS



THE BITCH NEEDS A FIRM HAND



I SUSPECT IM IN THE PRESENCE OF GROSS UN-TRUTHS!!

It was from this hearty fellow that I learned the Californian skateboard credo, namely making the wrenching decision each day of "Maybe I should skate today, or maybe I should just, like, stay in bed, smoke out and watch "BRUCE LEE" movies on TV, Dude!"

SILLY IN STOCKINGS

This quandry usually settled out as six days in bed, one on wheels. This, needless to say, did not suit my dynamic, all action self, and thus my skate action was largely solitary. Despite this, I did learn what it is that makes these Golden haired jerks superior skate "jockeys", instead of going to find terrain to suit the tricks they already know, they adapt themselves to the terrain they have, and invent moves to utilise anything from a pile of rubble, to a broken wooden palette. I saw more impressive, creative moves on these two unlikely obstacles than I see in a month of Sundays in England. This is no surprise though. They have jack shit ready made stuff to skate

DOWN THE BASTARDS GRIND YOU DOWN

MITILLATION FROM THE TYPING POOL

Chigley and Trumpton

unlike you Brit crumbs. They have to make do with walls curbs and hills while you English fucks sit at home and whine that it's five minutes walk to the nearest set of banks, and you might, god forbid, have to even use automotive transport to get to

PULL OVER AND TAKE ME

a skate park. Oh, you poor, poor boys, don't you like the transitions at "Southbank"? Does the atmosphere at "Meanwhile" depress you? You little fucks. You'll never be as good as the kids here, cos you're **SPOILT**, and that's all there is to it.

Anyhow, you've all heard of "HAIGHT-ASHBURY" Right? Home of hippies in the 60's right? Free love, anti capitalism and freedom, right? Ha, Haight Street is just a big Carnaby Street for long hair wannabes. Rows of shops selling genuine indian scarves and foot flares and funny looking pipes. The sidewalks are littered with human dregs

ON YOUR KNEES & BEG in a time warp, playing guitars and bongos for spare change so they can spend it on more chemicals to convince themselves that it's still the Summer of Love, and they're still young enough to enjoy it.

But "Yeah, I can balderdash upon San Francisco and all it stands for and includes" thus I spoke and swiftly departed for more "in your face" type living on the East Coast. But I did go swimming in the Pacific during a plague of killer sharks which is more than most of you will ever do.

Once more in Gotham City, one must face the pressures of everyday life, you know, offers of "Personal" ventilation a la

DOGGY SLAVE

357. Knife-point Financial Aids Requests, cockroaches as big as rats and rats the size of dogs. But it does have its high points, such as Sunday afternoons at CBGB's, cheap plywood home of hardcore. Now you will

BONKING WITH BARBIE



YA SEE THIS JAR OF BUMBLE BEES?... WELL GIMME A DRINK 'ER I LET 'EM LOOSE!

but she does get giggly when happy



CAN I BE A SOCIAL WORKER?



DOCTORS SAY THEY MAY HAVE TO AMPLIFY MY TESTICLES IF THEY ATROPHIED SO BAD, I DON'T MIND--

from earlier forced confessions that the clientelle are mainly of the adolescent, religiously clean living skinhead type. Much to my amusement they dress almost exclusively in highly priced imported Brit-

steaming pig suspenders

ish clothing. Strange how these young adamant American patriots don't consider the fruits of their own textile and footwear industries as worthy of their custom. It does seem only right though that they pay £60 for a pair of DOCTOR MARTEN boots, since all you pay double the right price for all your U.S. clothing. You know what all the Yank pro skaters sport "Air Jordan" sneakers? Not cos they're any good thats for sure. It's cos they cost about a tanner, thats why. And you all pay £40 for them. HA HA HA. I must commend, whoever it is who takes American leftover substandard crap and sells it to British youngsters

as luxury items, almost as much as whoever it is who's selling British crap to the Yankies at such high prices. Anyway, back to CBGB's and the music therein. Rising band to watch for is 24 + 7 SPYZ who are hailed as the new Bad Brains (though what was wrong with the old ones, I don't know), they sport

a heavy powerhouse sound with intricate catchy guitarwork thats over the top. Those fun loving CRO MAGS continue their career with stunted Bass-Krishna "Highly Flammable" on vocals now. ABSOLUTION still kick hard, with front-man GINGI resembling the star of a cheeseey KUNG FU dubbed movie, on stage. Good though. Maybe you should just come and check it out for yourself. Or maybe not since the dealers from the crack house next door nearly machine gunned us all down the other week. What else? Ah yes,

7 UP SNOW WHITE



ANHREFN



WELSH PUNKS ON DUB

NEW ALBUM "BWRW · CWRW"

OUT NOW THE ARIWA SOUND and STUDIO ONE SESSIONS produced by the MAD PROFESSOR

SEE THEM ON TOUR THROUGHOUT EUROPE IN FEBRUARY & IN NORTHERN IRELAND IN MARCH

WORKERS PLAYTIME 61-71 COLLIER STREET LONDON NI 98E

YOUR CHANCE TO SLAM & SKANK TO THE SAME RECORD

A BIGGER & BETTER ERECTION!



MORE OF DE
PORK FROM
LIMEY IN NEW YORK

Purple "loons" and a
fake-fur trimmed anorak

ACID HOUSE: Our seemingly more discerning colonial cousins don't seem to share the British musical GULLIBILITY on this front. Only ONE lousy bar deems itself to INFLICT upon the world a fortnightly rendition of the synthetic dirges that pass as music to the mindless and easily pleased.

IT'S HAPPY TO BE HEELED

From my observations on both sides of the pond, and of the consuming masses, it appears to me that the fools, in the United Kingdom are best pleased to buy up worn out American culture at suitably exorbitant prices, and that the U.S. spenders are highly financially committed to redundant British culture. All the Brits are wanna-be-yanks and the Yanks wanna-be Brits! This basically leaves you all as just a bunch of fools who won't be happy until you've finally bankrupted yourself on becoming something you're not. This seems to me to be an adequately amusing

HEAVY FURNITURE ROLLS EASILY

naughtily
pert,
school uniform



YEAH I
SEEN
ELVIS
DOWN ON
BOOZER!
IN FULL
LA-GEAR
FADING
AWAY
CRUISER!

balance of payments. But of course, if you weren't all such losers you'd be writing this instead of reading it, and you'd come and see all this for yourselves. But then, if you weren't such losers you wouldn't be reading this in the first place.

AUTOMATIC CAT FEEDER

There S.M.S.D, I think that fulfills the final articles of my contract, and the scrape of the pen on cheap recycled paper must give way to the more rewarding ring of those commodity exchange telephones. So send the cheque, stop calling me and stop sodding reminding me of sodding England.

OK, NOW FUCK OFF!

2-STROKE MIXTURE



RANDY RICH AND READY

Classified ADS

COMPLETE CONFIDENCE

Without your ORAL we would not have found the LESBIAN: we now enjoy in the twilight of our greasing. if WE can't help you, we wonder who can!

He wants to play sex games

DEPRAVED PORN ADDICT wishes to thank kind gentleman who supplied the "Anatomical Journals". Please send more. Box 69.

I WANT a fucking lot of things in life, but I'll settle for the air fare to Miami. Box 22.

ARE YOU FED UP with always losing out on the sticker toss? We now have a comprehensive range of razor wire coated skate gear. Buy our togs and carve up dem sprogs.

FOR SALE used porno mags to go Large amount of used porno mags to go to a deserving home. Box 69.

WANTED URGENTLY Complete bodily shave, pair of stilts and sense of humour for short but sexy record company owning dwarf. Box 666.

I WANT A BIGGER BUST

BESTIAL PERVERSITY DIRTY DRESSING UP Youngish male, dark hair, 5ft10, roguishly good looking, seeks fellow "pet owners" for kinky nights in broken-down dormobile, young farmers preferred. Box 47.



I WANT!
I WANT!
HOME
BAKED
LOCUST
DRIPPIN
WIVERRAY!

NO, NOT ME!
YOU'RE THE ONE THAT
DISEASED! YOU'RE
THE AIDS VICTIM!



BATON CHARGE ACCOUNT!
UP AGAINST THE
FILING CABINET

WHAT'S FOOL

- * FELT TIP CROSSES ON BACKS OF HANDS
- * UP TURNED CRUCIFIXES
- * "WITTY" SCOUSERS
- * COMFY BASEBALL BOOTS
- * AMSTERDAM
- * DANGING TO BANDS
- * SKATE SHORTS
- * NIGHT NETWORK
- * ACID, HOUSE+SOUL
- * SKATEBOARDING IN GENERAL

WHAT'S COOL

- REAL TATOOES IN PLACES WHERE IT SHOWS
- "HAPPY SHOPPER" T-SHIRTS
- DRUNK WELSH MEN
- DRUNK AS-NAILS JACK BOOTS
- ANY SOVIET BLOC CITY
- HECKLING THE GODS
- GUT OFF LONG JOHNS
- "MARRIED WITH CHILDREN"
- SKA, TWOTONE + GUITARS
- JUST ABOUT ANYTHING WITHOUT FUCKIN' WHEELS

The Moonbeans

UP FOR GRABS This magazine, yes S.M.S.D is for sale. Publishing copyrights, a ton of clippings, prittstick, grey haired editor, collection of mind warping drugs and a pair of very sharp scissors. £1000 o.n.o.

He's a virgin

I SHALL HAVE all imperialistic lackeys of commercialism at my feet come the end of the year, complete control of the Kronstadt is mine by birthright and those who oppose me shall suffer eternally. Pete. Box 10.

GIVE ME a very good board worth possibly £120 - 150 for only £5. Must be in mint condition. Box 12.

SADDLESORE SEX

WORK NEEDED anything considered. I'm an overweight, over 35 male and ex-editor. S.K. Box 38.

HEY GRINGO! YOU WANNA EAT BANANNA FROM PUSST?

FRUITY FUN Yes penis jelly moulds are now in. Variety of sizes, breaks the ice at parties.

I WILL do good Hardcore tape of the latest releases up for you. I ask only a tape of recent House music in exchange. Box 13.

WICKED WANDA wants to give you a pot noodle enema. Box 31.

Stunned eggheads shock the world

flimsy fuck

RUN OVER BY A CAR

GREAT **WEIRDO** BANDS OF OUR TIMES

NO.4

Col. Bagshot Investigates..

AS TOLD TO
Johnny Zilch

DO YOUR DRESS UPS!

Unreasonable,
oppressive
authority.

WHISKY, BEER
+ ALDA REST:
DOWN EM
ALL + PEE
MA VEST!

A MOUTHFUL FOR JINDA

The last snows of winter had left the surrounding fields with a thin coating which was crisp - looking and solid in appearance. It was in sharp contrast to the brown sludge which squelched under my feet as I trekked carefully up the well-worn path to Throptark Towers. I was walking as fast as I could, allowing for the treacherous footing, and I had good reason for haste; the rumour was that the colonel had had at long last returned from his travels, and the tell-tale column of smoke rising from the chimney fed by the great hearth indicated that the much-travelled methuselah was indeed in residence. As I approached the door I was startled to hear what sounded like muffled shouts of protest coming from one of the out-houses. I was sure I had heard the coarse

Wacky face

WHIRLIBOMBER

DEBBIE'S DIRTY DEEDS

as best you can until you are summoned to the meal". Despite Jedson's oddly impersonal manner, my spirits rose at the knowledge that the Colonel was indeed back safely, so feeling more at ease I decided to take advantage of his generous hospitality. After about half an hour, having scrutinised every detail of the hall twice over, I decided to further amuse myself as Jedson had invited, by paying a visit to the hall of fame. On my way I was startled slightly by the sight of a most intimidating looking mask, fastened to the wall of the adjoining passageway. The style suggested Indonesian origins, and was, with its fierce red green and purple design, most definitely not intended for friendly welcoming ceremonies. It was a new addition to the Colonels' souvenirs, and I was suddenly struck by the fact that there had been another identical one in the great hall, before reaching for that

esteemed tome which lay in the hall of fame I had spied a third identical mask, and had felt an unwelcome return of uneasiness.

Amongst the various artefacts in the hallowed hall, a futuristic looking flying machine had caught my eye. Puzzling over it, I had been grateful to

DR. STRANGE

wierd and wonderful !!

DR. STRANGE



MUMMY, MUMMY, I WANNA
NICE SHINY SKATE BOARD!



OH, I DON'T KNOW DEAR,
THEY LOOK DANGEROUS !!



SPLAT



TEE HEE HEE

blood-spattered AIDS

Tones of Isiah, the crusty old gardener, yet there had been an unusual note of panic in the old grunter's voice. My feelings of slight concern began to turn into uneasiness as I was greeted by Jedson the butler at the door.

He bade me enter the porch, and I followed him to the great hall I became aware of a definite change about him. Jedson had always been slow, and appeared slightly vacant, but his dull movements and complete lack of expression today gave him an automaton-like quality. Jedson gestured for me to sit down at the hearth, and spoke in guttural tones. "The Colonel is inconvenienced after his travels, but has been expecting you, and will meet you for dinner later. Please amuse yourself

brothel



FOOT DOMINATION

MANIC EARS:
DWARF BEERS!

THE FOUL STENCH OF
WASHED GLYPHS!

find a label attached, which read thus: minutes, his popularity spurred Spizz into playing more gigs, now becoming known as Spizz 77. Shortly after this, however, in the first of many chameleon like changes, a chance meeting of a friend who gave him a lift to London prompted

I'VE GOT SPOTS ON MY NIPPLES

ERASERHEAD



VIRUS 30

RE-ISSUE OF THE ORIGINAL
SOUNDTRACK OF

ERASERHEAD

INCLUDES ABSOLUTELY FREE
A PICTURE OF "BABY"
SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

T-SHIRT ALSO AVAILABLE

SEND S.A.E. FOR
MAIL ORDER
CATALOGUE
alternative
tentacles

61-71 COLLIER STREET
LONDON, N1 9BE,
ENGLAND.

100% SOLID - awesome
HONDURAS - Holy Grail
MAHOGANY - lagers.



IN HEAVEN EVERYTHING IS FINE

DISTRIBUTION BY THE CARTEL. HOLLAND: BOUDISQUE. BELGIUM: PLAY IT AGAIN SAM. GERMANY: EFA

*The only constructive thing left for
Surbiton bores to do is kill themselves*

Spizz to evolve into a duo. The friend
was Pete Petrol and the new name was
Spizz Oil.

1978 saw them gigging frequently,
supporting Siouxsie and the Banshees
on a showcase tour, giving as good as
they got from the boisterous punk
audience, and winning them over by the
end of the performance, their raw trebly,
staccato sound was served up to the
general public courtesy of Rough Trade
records later in 1978. Two EP's,

LISTEN TO ME MISBEHAVE

"6000 crazy" and "Cold City" became
minimalist classics, featuring vocals,
guitars and the occasional kazoo, and
both made allusions to the - at times
uncomfortable sci-fi future Spizz often
enthusiased about.
By 1979 Spizz Oil had blossomed into
Spizz Energi, a five piece band
incorporating bass guitar, drums and
keyboards. The goods were delivered in

the form of the first of several
killer singles, "Soldier, Soldier",
backed by Roxy Music's "Virginia Plain".
The follow up, the obviously influenced
"Where's Captain Kirk?" is still
probably Spizz's best known song. A
sequel to this song, "Spock's Missing",
nearly anticipated the third Star Trek
film.

During 1980, via another name change
Athletic Spizz 80, and an appearance
on the "Uurgh - A music War" video,
the debut album "Do a Runner"

appeared. Not universally acclaimed, one
of the more enduring tracks proved to be
the nine minute long "Airships".
The inevitable next metamorphosis into
Spizzles, brought the single "Risk", and
a follow-up album, "Spikie Dream Flowers",
which covered similar sci-fi based world-
on-the-brink territory. Spizz's bright
star appeared to be burning less brightly

FOR A GIRL WHO
SPANKS A GIRL

YOU BRAINLESS
FOOLS! DO YOU
THINK ANY
NUMBER OF YOU
CAN STOP ME
NOW??

KINKY COP



YOUNG LADY IS LOOKING FOR
OTHER YOUNG LADIES TO
ADMINISTER PUNISHMENT TO

WRAH! FURIOUS
FASHION
CRUELITY

WHISKY-DRINKING, piano eyes

WELL NURSE
IT THE WORSE
CASE OF
BRUGIENUS
I'VE EVER
SEEN!

GOOD GAME. UGH!
DOLLY DEALERS. UG!
NOTHING FOR A
PAIR LUV!..OMPH!

MOUNTAINS IN PAINT

DROKIN!

at this time, though a later incarn-
ation, "Spizz Energi 2" saw fortunes
revived somewhat. More recently, the
irrepressible Spizz has reverted to
solo status, with female assistance
from the aptly-named Astronauts,
among others. The last quote goes to
Spizz; "Clocks are big, machines are
heavy!" **FONDLING THE FACTORY GIRLS**

I was brought to with a start. The
reverberating clang of a gong announ-
ced that Dinner was about to commence.
I made my way hastily towards the
great hall, failing to notice that the
masks were now missing from their
allocated spaces.
There was the Colonel, large as life
and twice as wide, standing with his
back to the fireplace, which was send-
ing out flickers of light across the

dimly-lit hall. Skirting the dining
table, I hastened towards him, eager
to greet the returned venturer. As I
did, I was grasped violently from
behind and roughly dragged the last few
paces to the hearth. My unknown
assailantes, who now surrounded me,
cast stygian glares at me, their lumin-
escent eyes apparent behind disturbingly
all-too familiar masks. Then as they
brought me face to face with the figure
I had taken to be the Colonel, a
primordial chant began. The flames
flickered around the hearth, creating

a hell-spawned appearance to the
Colonel-figure silhouetted before me,
and as the chants reached fever pitch,
his claw like hands dug into rubbery
flesh, pulling away a Bagshot mask to
reveal a horribly misshapen purple-
hued face.

I felt a blow to the back of my head,
and as I sank into oblivion, my mind
spun with the hideous chanting; Hail
to Kol Gongol! Hail to the new master
of Thornpark Towers!

to be continued....
An obsessive need to tunelessly strum guitars

I've sucked mine dry like an old bag's GASH! And that's OFFICIAL!

CYNTHIA GOBBLES YOUR PORTION



HEINZ
Sandwich
SPREAD

POST

From The

PLEBS

a gobble-behind-the-bike-shed
for each letter printed

DON'T PATRONIZE
ME, YOU SHIT! I'M
GOING TO CUT YOUR
GODDAMN BLUE
BALLS OFF--

DO NOT spin dry

S.M.S.D Fine work Mr Willy, although a stench breathed baboon could have been wittier. Come on funny bastards out there how about a "Top Ten mouthwashes after Oral Sex" or thereabouts.

I'M ONLY HERE FOR THE EMBROIDERY.

DEAR SKATE FUCKS

I took a trip over to England lately and bought issue 8 of your so called zine. (Ha, ha) Before I bought it I looked at the cover and thought that it looked good but its true what they say "Don't judge a book by its cover". I started to look through it and by god its very very fucking sick. It cost 50p and I nearly cried after paying 50p when I could have fucked it away (I think he means stolen - S.M) It's full of shit. Who wants to know about mountain bikes and I think that the HELLBASTARD album is fucking great. 3 of my pals are going to England and there going to rip up all your zines. Everyone I showed it to say its very stupid. Now thats it.

ME
ZOMBIES! Co-KILDARIE OOOH? ARE THEY

P.S I heard that you copy cartoons from other zines.

P.P.S You seem like shitheads
S.M.S.D PISH, TISH! And another man's sack!! HELL BASTARD are the suckers of Satan's nipple. You are a Cro Mag and we have your fifty

MMH! YOUNG GIRLZ- AH! WITH EYES LIKE POTATOES!!

OH!! PUMP ME FOR INFO OFFICER!

THEY WALK DOWN MY NOSE INTO MY CLOTH AND DOWN INTO MY STOMACH. WHERE THEY RE-ENACT THE NOUS MURDER TRIAL THROUGHOUT HISTORY.

UNEATABLE PRICES!
CRIMPLENE TROUSERS

TOMORROW

DO NOT bleed

I will say to myself - Don't walk into that Super M wearing nothing but boots. But, I will.

MUTIE BOYS, HELL DEY DONT GRAB THEM EAT THERE GREENS AND BRUSH THEIR...ER...HAIR?

I will say to myself - Don't walk into that Super M blasting, blasting my Box. But, I will.

I will say to myself - Don't walk into that Super M using carts like skateboards. But, I will.

SPANKED UNTIL SORE

I will say to myself - Don't walk into that Super M and dive into fresh fish bins. But, I will.

THUNK!

I will say to myself - Don't walk into that Super M putting stuff in other carts. But I will.

I will say to myself - Don't walk into that Super M and throw produce at cops. But I will.

Paul Weinman U.S.A

FEEL FROM FIGHT! BY THE VIRAN VEST OLD BRICE LEG!

THE SQUADRON OF MUTIES

"We doubt that other readers could come up with a skatefact top twenny" was last ish's quote on the Post from the Plebs. Bollicks says I. Hold on to yer gonads says I.

SKATE FACTS TOP TEN

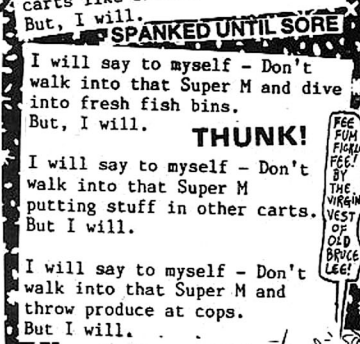
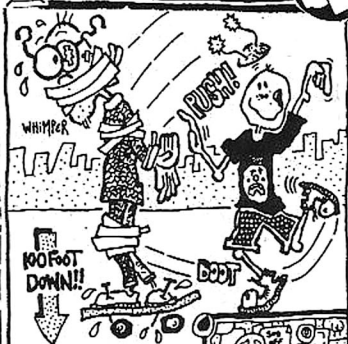
1. THEY ARE NOT RELATED IN ANYWAY TO GRASS-HOPPERS.
2. THEY DO NOT NEED FEEDING AFTER (OR EVEN BEFORE) MIDNIGHT.
3. WHEN SKATEBOARDS AND THE OLD BILL MEET MR OLD WILLY GETS MUCHO ANGRY BASTARDISH.
4. THEY DO NOT TASTE GOOD EVEN WHEN FRIED.
5. THEY ARE THE CREATIONS OF THE GRAND EMPEROR MING THE MERCILESS.
6. USUALLY THEY ARE BITS OF TREES.
7. THEY HAVE PERSONAL VENDETTAS AGAINST KERBS.
8. THEY ARE BLOODY HIGHLY PRICED.
9. THEY BEGIN LIFE AS FINGERBOARDS THEN GROW THROUGH FREESTYLE, STREET AND RAMP SIZE UNTIL THEY BECOME LONG BOARDS AND THEN PROMPTLY RETIRE.
10. THEY MAKE GOOD PETS AND ARE GUARANTEED NOT TO SHIT IN YOUR LOUNGE.

ADE WILLY

Stourport-on-seven-up

KNEE JERK LIBERAL'S
ALWAYS GIVING YA JIP..?

INVITE THEM UP TO
ENJOY THE TRIP!



An apple a day could give you more pesticides than your body can tolerate.

100% **Milk Chocolate Wheatmeal**



"PANTS ARE NO GOOD UNLESS THEY STICK TO THE WALL AFTER YOU'VE TAKEN THEM OFF"

illegal, bummed undertaker

S.M.5.D You will say to yourself don't take tons of drugs and write mongoose mad poems... But you did, dear god.

HI MUTIES

STRONGER SAFER CHEAPER

CAN YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF THE ENORMOUS INCONTINENCE BAG BURSTING IN THE DEPTHS OF HELL!

Yeah, Muties #7, shit, #8 sorry. Much jappery as usual, dug the Street Suss but a lot, dead funny as was the excellent "Space Hopper" cartoon, and the "It's a gig" Amsterdam write up, the "Top 10 Fashion Felony's (I don't know about your dad's trainers, what about those diamond socks yr Grandad wears, eh?) In fact a thoroughly enjoyable issue with the piece of resistance being (R.E: the competition on winners of last issue) the line "and some knobhead naming himself "Skullfuck"

MY THIGHS AROUND YOUR NECK you won't ever forget this oral

from Aberdeen". Classic! This is what I've been thinking for quite some time what with all these stupid names coming out all over the place, obviously trying to be 'outrageous' (sooo shocking) ing to be 'arty'. Yeah about as and in some sense 'arty'. Yeah about as clever as "Mad Jack, NY's #1 closet skin" writing into MRR complaining about some minor thing that only his brain would find complaining about every issue or that guy who actually wrote into MRR signing himself "Ol, I hate you!!!! Ho, ho, how I scoff on reading that. Skullfuck indeed

It's about as thoughtful as all those metallers who once they've got a record out, call themselves "Sven Lundgarten" or some such "Norseman Rip" to make themselves sound butch when their real name's something wet like "Roger Rogers" and all their friends take the piss out of it because only a dope of a parent with a Christian name for a surname would call their kid the same name (ie Simon Simons, or whatever).

Keep it up, Chris Avon

S.M.5.D Well a golden shitcake to you my boy. You hit the nail on de noggin. Smirking wimps hide behind big cock names! Take for instance NAPALM DEATH (no thanks) BOLTHROWER, AXE GRINDER, SKATE MUTIES...Don't you just know they're all homo mummie's boys who couldn't say boo to a sixth former!

DEAR MUTIES I'M CHEESED OFF

I'm writing to tell you of this mint tip on how to make your skateboard lighter. Follow these points CAREFULLY...

1. Go and get your skateboard.
2. Speed across the kitchen and pop an ollie onto table.
3. Get screamed at by your mum.
4. Run out to the garage and nick Dad's tool box.



... DEAD CATS WALKING, BLACK AND STIFF IN THE GARDENS BEHIND THE PERKADAE PYRAMIDS, WHILE ABOVE...

THE WHOLE SOCCER TEAM HAD ME



UNTIL YOUR GLIB TONGUE KINGS A BETTER... RAKISH HOMO SEVERAL TROUSERS

Mary Mungo and Midge



FIST O' IRON NOSE OF PUTTY!! MUTIE BOYS IS AWFUL SMUTTY!!



5. Take off trucks and risers etc.
6. Get pissed off cos the nuts are all rusty and rounded.
7. Fart a well known tune backwards.
8. Got to the freezer and nick the lid off an ice-cream box.
9. Get whacked on the head by mum's wooden spoon.
10. Hide for ten minutes, then go back in the garage.
11. Bolt one truck on the ice-cream box lid.
12. GO SKATE.
13. Fall off and break at least two bones.
14. Blaspheme for two minutes.
15. Crawl into the nearest drain and play with your willy for five years.
16. Advantage - lighter board. Disadvantage - It don't fuckin' work.

Print this or I shall have to skate round the corridors of the local nuns home in just my "Spiderman" underpants.

Tanks people Mat Birmingham

You Can Make MORE MONEY Weaving Rugs

P.S Lat ish you forgot "Nuclear powered wheelchairs" from your top ten transports. **S.M.5.D** How dare you assume all the peasants out there have freezers ya MIDDLE CLASS toe-rag! We've seen what your type can do to the side of the road!

FANCY RIBBONS

LOTS and LOTS of STYLE

SORE THROAT 'UNHINDERED BY TALENT'

INTENSE 52 TRACK DEBUT ALBUM BY THE UNDISPUTED 'KINGS OF THRASH'

£4 (U.K.)/5 (Eur)/\$11 (U.S.)/8 (Others). CHEQUES/P.O.'S TO 'MEANTIME RECORDS' NO U.S. CHECKS PLEASE WHOLESALE RATES ON 5 COPIES PLUS



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IMPACT EVO-STIK ADHESIVE

MAKE THINGS EASIER AND TAKE THINGS EASIER WITH

COMES UP WITH THE CHEAPIES!

ZOOM!

Mutant Happy Shopper

UNBEATABLE PRICES!

CRIMPLENE TROUSERS ...

BACK ISSUES STICK-EM UP

COMPLETE WITH
12 MONTH BATTERY

T SHIRTS

SPECIAL OFFER!

FULL RANGE OF SPARES

The chance you've been hankering after you history buffs. Issues ONE, TWO, AND THREE have been dragged screaming from the vaults and are now available in excessively limited numbers! Jump to it and discover our murky past! Issue EIGHT is still up-for-grabs but all issues are SOLD OUT!

YOUR A TRAMP, A DRUNK
AND A UNFIT MOTHER!!

XXX ME!

PEDESTRIANS
MUST DIE!

SKATE MUTIES

1, 2 and 3 - £1.00 EACH *8 - 50p

Stickers

MARBETTES SLIMY CREATURE
FREE WITH ORDER

PEDESTRIANS
MUST DIE!

skate muties from the 5th dimension

THESE ARE VERY NICE MADAM!
skate like bloody fuck

Sm5D

ONE Get vinyl'd right up with the "TERMINAL" sticky bit! 3 inches wide and burstin with lurid colour.

TWO Rude up your deck with the "FUCK", "SQUAD", "PEDS" and "DRUNK" badge designs

as stickers.

Three... And for the paupers amongst you, worra bout the 15 piece sticker sheet. As big-as-dis-page and sharp as a pin! ONE - 60p each TWO - 60p for all four THREE - 40p

PayMent'N'Postage!

T-SHIRTS - FREE!... All OTHER PRODUCTS - As much as ya want for a SAE with a 22p stamp. Coins and stuff are fine... But make sure they're well taped down to prevent tempted MR POSTIE! Cheques and Postal Orders made out to "C.WESTON" if you please.

THIS SERVICE IS FOR BROADMINDED, SEXUALLY ACTIVE ADULTS ONLY

SIR! SIR! COME QUICKLY!
SLATENT RAY OPS AT
LA'GLOCK SIGHTED!!

OOOF!

SM5D
TERMINAL MUTATION

NO GINGER HAired FREAKS
STINKIN OF FIGS!
GONNA ROUND EM ALL UP
+ SHOOT EM LIKE PIGS!!

SM5D

SM5D

SM5D

SM5D

SM5D

SM5D

SM5D

SM5D

SM5D

SM5D

SM5D

Cover your flabby torso with these two famed as anything beauties on dazzling white SCREEN STARS. Black print is the order of the day for the "S.M.5.D" model and you get a DAYGLO GREEN OR PINK second colour on the "P.M.D".
"S.M.5.D" - £5.00 "P.M.D" - £6.00

Posters

Shock the cleaning lady with an AS size hanging of the front cover. Two colours and just 40p each.

Badges

SKATE.SKATE.
SKATE LIKE FUCK
INTO THE SIDE OF
A TEN TON TRUCK

PEDESTRIANS
MUST DIE!

SKATE FOR THE
BABY JESUS

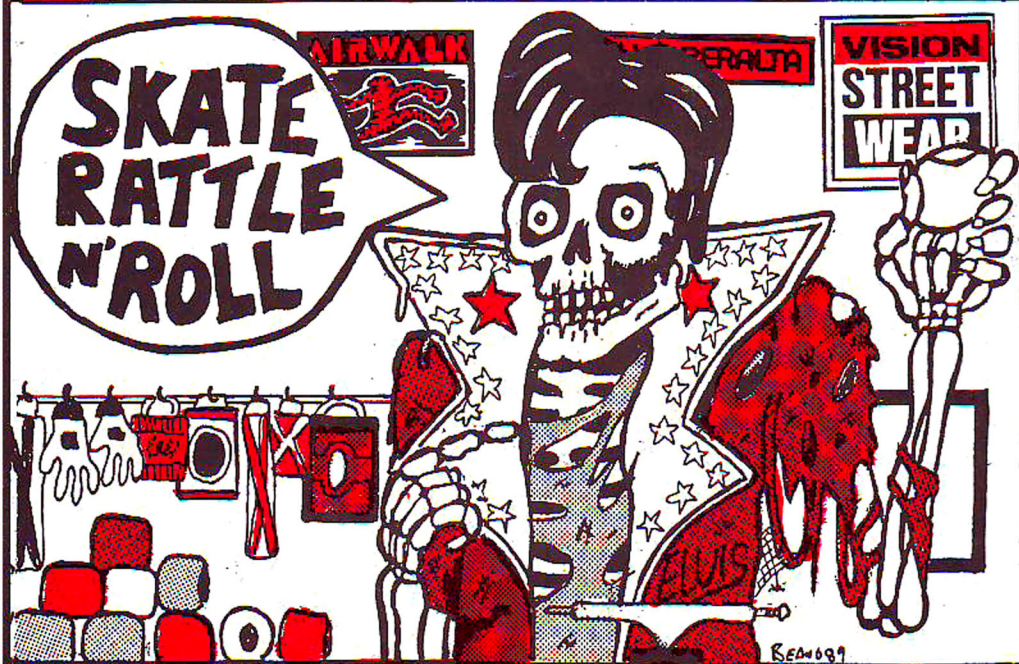
SM5D
TERMINAL MUTATION

★ ONE FOR 25p ★ ALL SIX £1.25 ★

ZAP!

The End

**-ATTENTION!-
WE HAVE FOUND HIM!**



**YES, THE REAL ELVIS IS
BACK AND WORKING AT
ROLLERMANIA
EXCEEDS THE NEED**

HAPPENING AT: 62 PARK ROW BRISTOL BS1 5LE TEL. (0272) 279981 - TUE-SAT

MUTIE MOBILE

I WOULD GLADLY SELL MY PARENTS INTO WHITE SLAVERY TO PURCHASE ONE OF THESE!!

1.

SWIPE A
LOAD OF
COAT HANGERS
OF YAH MUM +
STEAL SOME
WIRE CUTTERS...

2.

BEND OVER THE ENDS
OVER WITH A

FEARSOME PAIR
OF PILIERS..
(GET A GROWN UP TO
HELP FUCK THIS UP)

3

PHOTOCOPY
THIS SHEET,
CUT OUT, AND
GLUE TO THE
SIDE OF THIS. (THIS OF COURSE IS)
IMPOSSIBLE

4.

HANG YOUR CUTOUT TO
WIRE WITH SOME OLD
BOOT LACE OR SUMMIN'
(CAREFUL! THAT LACE
COULD HAVE SOME
ONES EYE OUT..)

5

6.

THROW IN BIN
WHEN IT FALLS
APART 5 SECONDS
LATER

- Fold carefully at the lines to make a crumpled piece of paper.

BEANO 84